THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIX.—No. 1284

JULY 25, 1928

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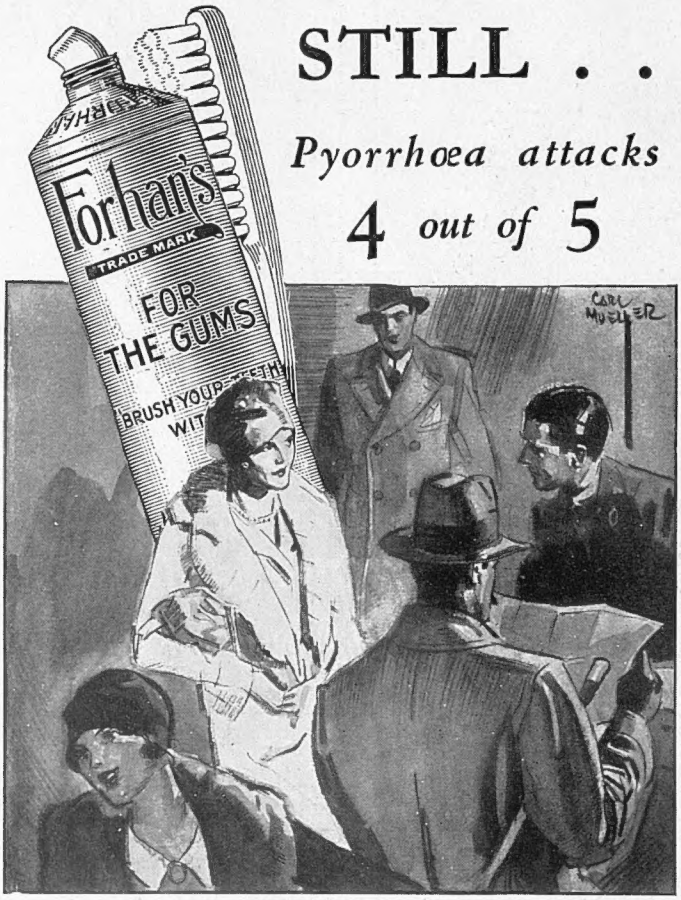
Teeth may be flashing white

STILL . .

Pyorrhœa attacks

4 *out of* **5**



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THE MOST WONDERFUL OF ALL THE SUMMER ANNUALS

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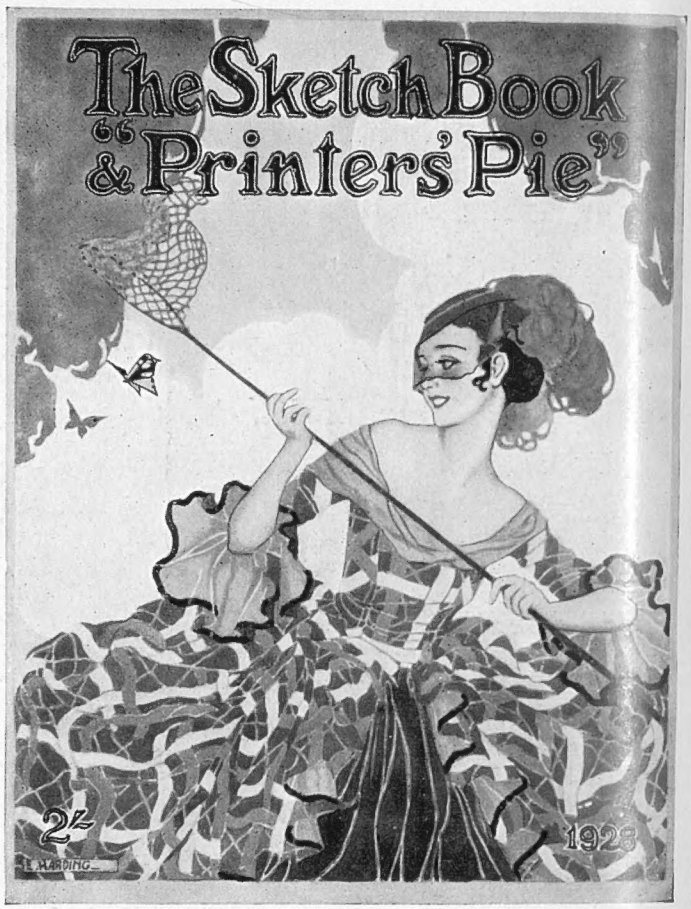

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"Clay Shuttered Doors." By HELEN R. HULL. *Illustrated by J. Dewar Mills.*
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"The Man Who Never Forgot." By ANTHONY GIBBS. *Illustrated by Joyce Dennys.*
"The Obstructionists." By ROSAMOND LANGBRIDGE. *Illustrated by L. R. Brightwell.*
"The Yellow Finger." By JOHN RUSSELL. *Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.*
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The Bystander, July 25, 1928

No. 1284. Vol. XCIX

The BYSTANDER

BY JEAN HARDY

BACCHANTE

A Family Quartette

Miss Compton Collier

Mrs. Alex V. Drummond, who, as Pauline Chase, delighted us all in "Peter Pan," photographed with Ann, Jane and the Baby. She lives now, not at the House in the Tree Tops, but at her charming Sussex home, "Bassetts," Mark Cross

THE KING WITH THE FLEET *Central News*

His Majesty, with whom is Captain S. J. Meyrick, photographed in H.M.S. Nelson, the flagship of the Atlantic Fleet, during his recent visit to Portsmouth. During the day the King visited the reconditioned Victory and the two Australian cruisers, Australia and Canberra, subsequently lunching on board H.M.S. Nelson with Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand, Commander-in-Chief Atlantic Fleet

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The End

On Thursday the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace marks the official close of the Season, a Season that has been unusually blessed in the way of weather. It has been what is called a "Successful Season," and it is many years since there have been such a number of big private entertainments. In fact, during the last three weeks one big entertainment has followed closely upon another, culminating in the great party given at Hampden House by the Duchess of Sutherland for Mr. Baldwin.

It has now become the established custom for the Marchioness of Londonderry to give a big party "To Meet the Prime Minister" at the opening of the Parliamentary Session, and for the Duchess of Sutherland to give a similar party at its close.

The night after her big party the Duchess of Sutherland gave a fancy dress ball. There were no interlopers, as each guest had to produce a small card—received after acceptance of the invitation—before he or she was admitted.

The Uninvited Guest

There are two points in what is now called "The Bridgewater House Affair" which puzzles your Bystander. The first is the publicity given in the newspapers to the exercise of a right which belongs to every hostess, no matter what her degree or station. The second is the attitude of so many of the young people towards a courageous action.

Let me take the first point. Here we are in an age of democracy. That being so, of what possible interest can it be to the thousands of humble readers of certain daily newspapers to know that my lady Countess of Ellesmere requested uninvited guests to leave her house? But her very proper insistence on her rights as a hostess was made the

Topical

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY

The Earl of Balfour, who celebrates his eightieth birthday to-day, Wednesday, photographed on the steps of his London house. To mark the occasion both Houses of Parliament and all parties have joined in presenting him with a motor car

Planet News

A ROYAL HANDSHAKE

Prince Henry Duke of Gloucester photographed on his arrival at the Guildhall, Gloucester. The Duke was presented with the Freedom of the City whose ancient and famous name he now bears

Central News

AT KENNINGTON OVAL

The Prince of Wales photographed at the opening of the new buildings of Archbishop Tenison's Grammar School at Kennington Oval. He is seen accepting the key of the new buildings from the Head Boy

H.M.S. YORK *Topical*

The Duke and Duchess of York photographed on their recent visit to Messrs. Palmer's yard at Jarrow-on-Tyne. The Duchess launched H.M.S. York, a new type of cruiser which has been recently completed

object for headlines only slightly smaller than those given to murders, divorces, important cricket matches, golf, and the latest poisoning mystery.

All the people concerned were interviewed by newspaper reporters. But, I ask you, my good people, what on earth had that incident at Bridgewater House to do with the general public? It was a private matter concerning people who have no interest for the public. Why should newspapers drag their names into print? When all is said and done, Society is an infinitesimal nothing, a zero, compared with the certified millions of readers of certain newspapers. So why these headlines and these interviews?

Actually, it is very amusing. Some of these newspapers, which charge umpteen pounds for square inches of advertisement, had given certain people passionately anxious to be in the public eye a free advertisement. And the newspapers did not see what they were doing! That's more amusing still.

A Crushing Retort

WE have had nothing like the publicity of the incident at Bridgewater House for the last twenty-five years. Then the publicity was of an entirely different nature, and the host was in the wrong. But there were no newspaper articles or interviews. The doings of the great world then had not the paramount importance they seem to have in these days of democracy.

The late Lord Astor (then Mr. Waldorf Astor) used to give wonderful concerts at his house in Carlton House Terrace, which now belongs to his son, the Hon. John Astor. The late Lord Astor owned the now defunct *Pall Mall Gazette*. On a summer afternoon after one of his brilliant concerts on the previous evening there appeared a notice in the *Pall Mall Gazette* to the effect that Captain Sir Berkeley Milne had attended Mr. Astor's concert without an invitation.

Clubs and drawing-rooms were convulsed. But in those remote days it did not occur to any enterprising reporter to interview either Mr. Astor or Sir Berkeley Milne. Such matters were not of public interest. The world interested in the public announcement just sat up, gasped, and asked a hundred questions.

All the questions were answered the same evening. Sir Berkeley Milne sat on King Edward's right in the omnibus box at the Opera throughout the

OUR BUSY PRINCES

whole performance. King Edward was the most loyal of friends, and that is how he publicly answered Mr. Astor's public charge against Sir Berkeley Milne.

As I have said, there were no newspaper interviews. The explanation of Sir Berkeley's presence at the concert was simplicity itself. He had been asked to go by Mr. Astor's daughter. Apparently Mr. Astor did not know this, and without asking for any explanation had caused the notice I have quoted above to be put into his paper.

The "Fringes of Society"

My second point is the attitude of the generality of young people I have met with regard to Lady Ellesmere's action. They condemn it, saying that she should not have humiliated the people taken to Bridgewater House by one of her guests; that she ought to have written to the young man afterwards.

Here's the oddest kind of argument. Suppose a hostess asks two hundred and fifty young men to a ball and each young man brings four other people: is she to sit still and say nothing, and then write winged words to the two hundred and fifty the next day?

There is an explanation of the effrontery which Lady Ellesmere so properly resented. A certain set of young people have an attitude to life which is based on the ludicrous importance given to titles and money in circles which used to be called the "fringes of Society." It is difficult to determine what these circles are now, as the word "Society" has lost its old meaning, but they are much affected by the scions of the newly ennobled and of the newly rich.

The difference between what is left of the old "Society" and these circles is this: Hostesses in these "fringes" would welcome anybody brought by a scion of nobility to a ball or a party. But, even in these days, great ladies like Lady Ellesmere cannot be treated as if they ran a public dancing hall or as if their house was a convenient restaurant for a free supper after the Russian Ballet. Lack of understanding this difference was the cause of what happened at Bridgewater House.

Hay Wrightson

THE PASSING OF A BELOVED FIGURE

When the whole of the English-speaking world was saddened last week by the news of the death of Dame Ellen Terry, we realised that not only a wonderful actress, but a very great Englishwoman had gone from among us. Her passing was as peaceful as her life had been beautiful

Clothes and the Ballet

I wonder why the Russian Ballet should entice people to wear odd clothes? Or do they go about like that always, and ordinary folk, like you and me, don't see them because we don't go to their haunts and lairs? And the audiences, too, are such a funny mixture!

Some are *cap-à-pie* in the latest fashion. Others must have read about Joseph's coat in the Scriptures, and, being envious, have added plus fours or skimpy skirts thereto. But one young man hit the bull's eye in eccentricity one night. He wore an evening shirt and collar of shiny black American cloth!

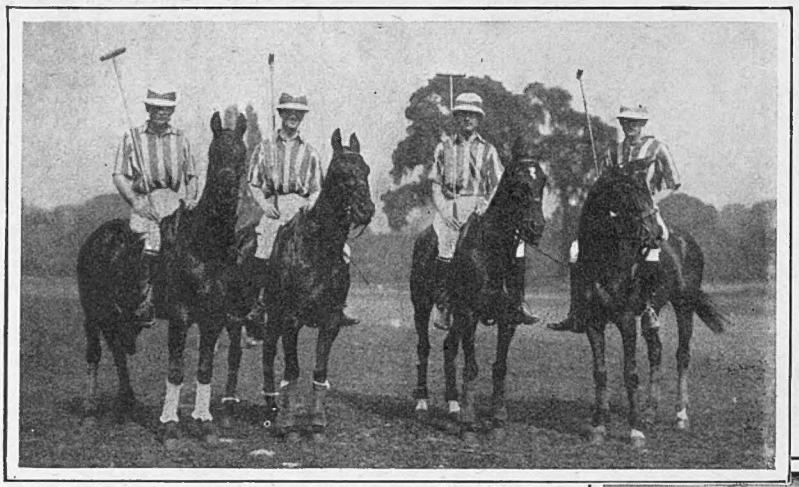
It was noticeable. Perhaps that's why it was worn. Perhaps, too, this pioneer of a gloomy male bosom will be found one day, stark and stiff, starched to death by infuriated laundresses.

Then, the dressing of heads is as varied as the dressing of bodies, but what strikes one particularly is the number of young women with their hair demurely parted in the middle, drawn tightly down over the head and into a small bun at the back. This is precisely the style of hairdressing that Early Victorian mistresses laid down for their maidservants.

WITH THE MOUNTED POLICE

G.P.U.

Princess Helena Victoria watching the Metropolitan Mounted Police Tournament at Imber Court with distinguished visitors, including Gen. Sir Edward Bethune, Lady Horwood, Colonel and Mrs. Laurie, Mrs. Glasgow, and Miss du Cane. On her arrival the Princess was presented with a bouquet by a mounted constable, whose horse bowed to its knees in homage



W. A. Rouch

A WINNING TEAM

The 17/21st Lancers team which won the Subalterns Gold Challenge Cup at Ranelagh. The players were Messrs. R. B. B. Cooke (left), H. Walford Desmond Miller, and H. Forester

A New and an Old One

THIS little story, I am assured, is quite new:—An American lady "doing" Europe arrived in London. There she met a friend, who asked her if she had been to Venice in the course of her travels.

"Why, yes," was the answer, "but we only stayed a day there. The whole place was flooded and all the folks were going about in boats!"

This reminds me of an ancient story which some of you may not have heard.

An American mother and daughter had made an exhaustive tour of the Continent. When they returned to their "home town" somebody asked the mother if they had been to Rome.

"Say, Sadie," said the mother to the daughter, "did we go to Rome?"

"Why, mother," replied the daughter, "of course we did. Don't you remember that's where you bought the black silk stockings with the white clocks?"

Cock-fighting

A GOOD many people, including your Bystander, sat up and blinked when they saw accounts in the newspapers of a police raid upon a cock-fight, and the subsequent fining by a magistrate of those who were present. It was like the hands of the clock being turned round and round and round until they pointed to Early Victorian days.

Cock-fighting was one of the chief amusements of the sporting fraternity until the law stepped in and put it amongst the prohibited things on the Statute Book, together with bare-fisted prize-fights. The nobility and country gentry bred fighting-cocks, and bought champions, just as now they breed and buy racehorses. There was

W. A. Rouch

BEARING OFF THE SPOILS

The Life Guards "A" team, which won the Tyro Cup at Hurlingham, photographed after the presentation of the Cup. The team consisted of Mr. T. A. Fairhurst (left), Mr. F. E. B. Wignall, Mr. G. W. Pennington, and Mr. H. Abel-Smith (Royal Horse Guards)

Photographs

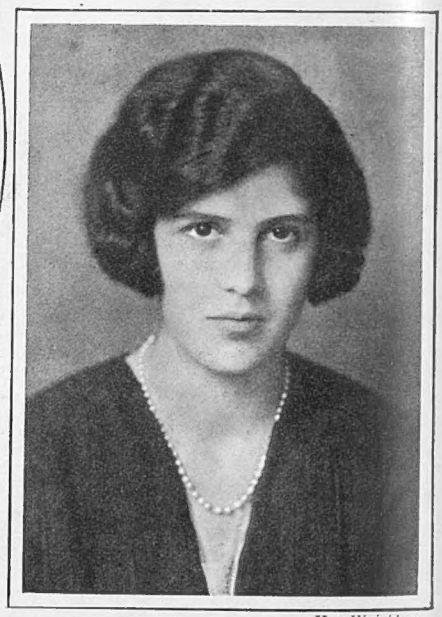
THE HON. ELIZABETH JOLLIFFE

Whose engagement to Mr. Edmond Joly de Lotbinière, R.E., elder son of Brig.-General and Mrs. Joly de Lotbinière, has been announced. Miss Jolliffe is the daughter of Lord and Lady Hylton

MISS DAUGHNE BUTLER

The daughter of the late Hon. Francis Butler and the Hon. Mrs. Francis Butler, who is engaged to Lt. C. B. Stracey-Clitherow, R.N. Her fiancé, who is in H.M.S. Despatch, is the only son of Lt.-Cmdr. and Mrs. E. Stracey-Clitherow

A TRIO OF RECENT ENGAGEMENTS



Hay Wrightson

MISS NICOLETTE WARD

The twin daughter of the Hon. Cyril and Mrs. Ward, whose engagement to Mr. Michael Hornby took place recently. Mr. Hornby is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. St. J. Hornby

a cock-pit at the Palace of Whitehall, and Royalty, down to the time of the sons of George III, were present at famous matches both in London and the country, just as the Prince of Wales and his brothers go to boxing matches.

There are endless coloured prints of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries showing contests between famous birds.

The law altered all that. But cock-fighting went on secretly, because for that generation it meant what racing does to our own. Our forbears couldn't take "racing specials," and were therefore restricted in their sport to a horse radius.

Central Press

A WEDDING MASCOT

The Hon. Rosemary Cary, eldest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Falkland, photographed after her wedding to Mr. John de P. Gurney Maylew, at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride's pet cat Oliver attended the ceremony

The police descended on these secret and illegal cock-fights whenever they got wind of them. People bearing historic names were fined. There are constant cases in the Early Victorian newspapers.

Personally, I should have said cock-fighting was dead long ago, but this recent case proves I am wrong. As a matter of history it is a curious survival. But some centuries-old sports are undying. Look at archery and tennis—I mean real tennis as it was played by Henry VIII in the tennis court at Hampton Court, a tennis court copied from the cloisters where the game was originally played both in England and France, in the fourteenth century. Both these sports survive, and have many followers.

Another Old Custom

HERE is an odd coincidence in the observance of ancient customs. Sir John Buchanan-Jardine, who was fined because he was one of the spectators of the cock-fight, is part-owner of Castle Loch, in Dumfries-shire.

Express Photos

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Mr. A. F. Tod photographed with his bride, formerly the Hon. Ursula Spencer, daughter of Viscount Churchill and Verena Viscountess Churchill, after their marriage at St. Thomas's, Portman Square

Central News

LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S

Mr. William Ayshford Sanford, son of the late Colonel Ayshford Sanford and Lady St. John of Bletso, photographed after his marriage to Miss Rosemary Lindsay, younger daughter of the late Major the Hon. Robert Lindsay and of the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lindsay. The wedding took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Prince Arthur of Connaught was present

Q.P.

A NAVAL OCCASION

Commander Ivan W. Whitehorn, R.N., photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Ronda Clarke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. H. Clarke, of Tasmania. The wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square

On the third Tuesday in every July a curious ceremony takes place there. This is the net fishing for vendace, a rare and delicate fish.

Castle Loch is nearly a mile square, and belongs jointly to Sir John Buchanan-Jardine and Mr. Johnstone, of Halleaths. There are many other kinds of fish in the loch, but of them all the vendace is the only one that refuses the lure of bait or fly. This is the reason for the annual netting, which is carried out by the Vendace Club, an association of Dumfries-shire folk, who dine afterwards upon the catch.

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

"Tote" and Tax

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL sprang a pleasant surprise on racing people last week when announcing that he had decided to reduce the betting tax. The probability now is that from October 1 we shall have to pay a tax of only 1 per cent. on all bets made on the course and 2 per cent. on bets away from the scene of action. This is a great concession, though I suppose bookies and backers alike will not be really satisfied until the tax on turnover is abolished altogether. The Chancellor of the Exchequer hinted that this may be done if he takes up the scheme for licensing bookmakers on a graduated scale. I am wondering how the 1 per cent. tax is going to be operated on the course. It will not be easy for the layers to collect this amount from their ready-money clients, and they may solve the problem by paying the tax themselves on all cash bets. The way is now fairly clear for the installation of the "tote" on our racecourses. A difficulty at many meetings will be to find the necessary space for accommodating the totalisator apparatus. It will be decidedly awkward at cramped courses like Chester, but it will be managed somehow.

News Illus.

OFF TO THE PADDOCK

The Hon. Henry and Mrs. Tufton photographed taking a stroll at the recent Lingfield Park races. The sun was once again kind to this meeting

Brit. Illus.

AT LINGFIELD PARK

Lord Lascelles having a quiet chat at the Lingfield Park Meeting. With him are Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Hamilton

St. Leger Colts

WINNERS proved decidedly difficult to find on the opening day of the July Second Meeting. The majority of punters backed Lodore, and some were lucky enough to secure even money about Lord Lonsdale's colt. That was, however, the only success which many backers enjoyed during the afternoon, the bookies having much the better of the argument. With Sartellus putting up a decidedly mediocre show, Lodore did not have much difficulty in winning the Dullingham Stakes. The colt stays so well that Lord Lonsdale and Fred Darling are not without hope that he will repeat the triumph which his sire, Royal Lancer, gained in the St. Leger. I am under the impression, however, that Cyclone is the one worth having in mind for the last of the classic races. Basil Jarvis is exercising great restraint and care in preparing Major Courtauld's colt. He advised his owner not to run him in the Eclipse Stakes last week, as he thought the course would not suit him, and you will remember that a similar policy was followed in the Derby. Cyclone is a long-striding colt whose staying powers are unquestionable, and I have an idea that he will prove too good for Felstead and Flamingo on the Town Moor.

Felstead's Value

LADY CUNLIFFE-OWEN may be congratulated on possessing an uncommonly promising youngster in Bullhead. Cynics may say that the colt ought to be a good one, seeing that he cost 5,700 guineas under the hammer. But much bigger prices than that have been paid for yearlings which turned out absolutely useless for racing. I liked the workmanlike style in which Bullhead won the Soltykoff Stakes on his first appearance in public, and I am prepared to see him gain further distinction. There is nothing wrong with his breeding, and he looks a high-class colt. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen tells me he has declined an offer of £100,000 for Felstead. I do not think the horse is worth that amount, but the fact that such an offer has been made shows the wonderful glamour which attaches to winning the Derby. According to present intentions, Felstead will be seen out once before running in the St. Leger. That will be at Hurst Park in the middle of next month.

The King at Newmarket

THERE was some sort of hope at Egerton House on Wednesday that three winners would be saddled for the King, but it so happened that the only success was gained by the least "expected" of the trio. This was Gauntlet, whose victory in the Zetland Stakes obviously gave great satisfaction to His Majesty, who bred the colt at Sandringham from one of his favourite mares. We were, however, all badly disappointed by Scuttle's failure. The One Thousand heroine gave her most moderate display this season, though it must be borne in mind that she was giving lumps of weight away. Rather curiously, none of the four colts which the King has leased from the National Stud has shown good form so far.

Coming Events

THIS week's meeting at Liverpool will have plenty of genuine attractions. I suppose chief interest will attach to the Liverpool Cup on Friday, though Pharamond is not to make an effort to add to the many trophies won on this course by Lord Derby. One of the best handicapped horses is Playboy, who was a failure when heavily backed for this race a year ago. It is a long time, indeed, since he won, but he has been nicely dropped in the weights. I shall, therefore, make **Playboy** my selection. Another tough problem for backers will be the sprint for the Molyneux Cup on Wednesday. The Stanley House stable hopes to have a winner here in Garnock. Lord Glanely has left three in the race, and I think you will have a good run for your money if you back the horse who carries his colours. Before my next week's Notes appear the Goodwood Meeting will have started. In endeavouring to spot the winner of the Stewards' Cup I shall content myself with choosing Fred Darling's selected. I have a leaning towards Golden Chalice, and if the Beckhampton trainer saddles anything in preference to that colt I shall follow the lead.

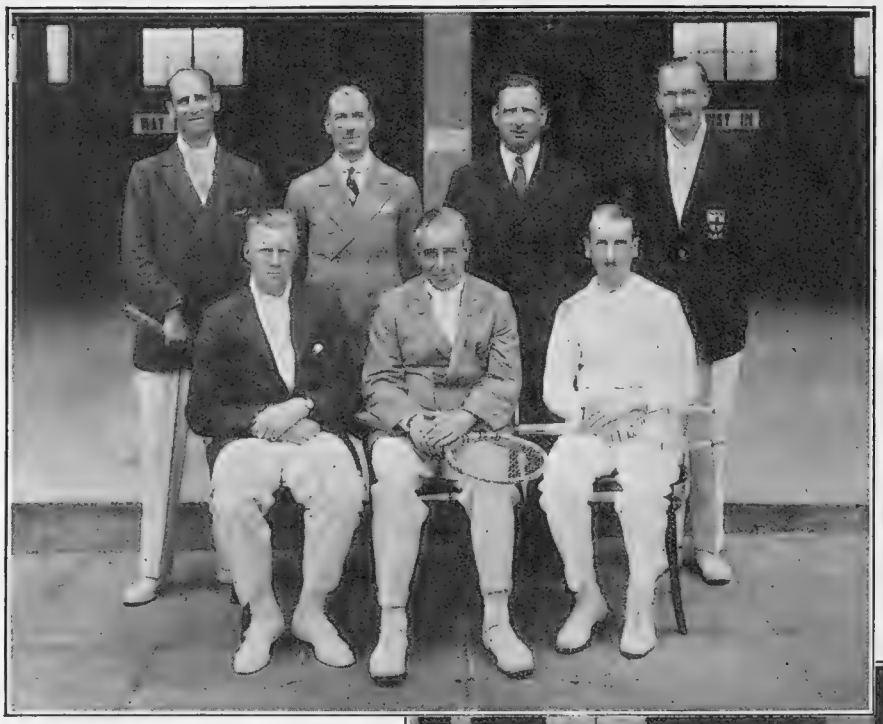
At the Top of the Goodwood Tree

BY "THE TOUT"

Some of those who have undeniable claims to fame in all "branches" of the Goodwood Meeting. Sir Hedworth Meux is the King's host this year for the meeting. "Brownie" Carslake won last year's Stewards' Cup on Priory Park, and Mr. Charlie Howard bred the winner. Alfred Day is the grandson of the great John Day who trained Hero, the winner of the Goodwood Cup in 1847. Mr. Solly Joel, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen, and Mr. Joe Baylis are owners who have happy recollections of past Goodwoods, the last named having had successes on the rails as well, and Fred Darling has often carried the spoils of the meeting back to Beckhampton

Champions of the Services

The Army's Win at Wimbledon



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE TEAM

Standing: Fl.-Lt. L. V. Hirst, Wing-Cmdr. P. Young, Sq.-Ldr. F. J. Murphy Ft.-Lt. C. E. Williamson-Jones

Sitting: Ft.-Lt. E. D. H. Davies, Wing-Cmdr. R. E. Saul, and Ft.-Lt. H. J. Gilbert

The Royal Navy and Royal Marines, who had held the Inter-Services Lawn Tennis Championship for two years, were dislodged from that enviable position by the Army when the three Services met at Wimbledon. The Army won with 10 matches, the Navy scoring 6, and the Royal Air Force 2

THE VICTORIOUS ARMY TEAM

Standing: Major H. C. Cumberbatch, Lt. H. R. Hutchins, Lt. G. L. Baker, and Capt. J. D. F. Fisher

Sitting: Capt. H. S. Lewis-Barclay, Major C. F. Scroope, and Capt. C. H. D. O'Callaghan

THE R.N. AND R.M. TEAM

Standing: Rear-Admiral H. E. Grace (President R.N. and R.M. L.T.A.), Eng. Lt.-Cmdr. L. J. Carr, Lt. H. F. H. Evered, Surg. Lt.-Cmdr. C. N. Ratcliffe, Major A. C. Butt, R.M. (Hon. Sec. R.N. and R.M. L.T.A.)

Sitting: Lt A. W. Buzzard, Pay. Lt.-Cmdr. R. E. Worthington, and Lt.-Cmdr. P. F. Glover

Photographs *Sport and General*

Sport and General

SCULLING AT KINGSTON

H. R. Pearce, of Sydney R.C., Australia, who won the Senior Sculls at Kingston Amateur Regatta. This popular river event was held in glorious weather

Photographs

Sport and General

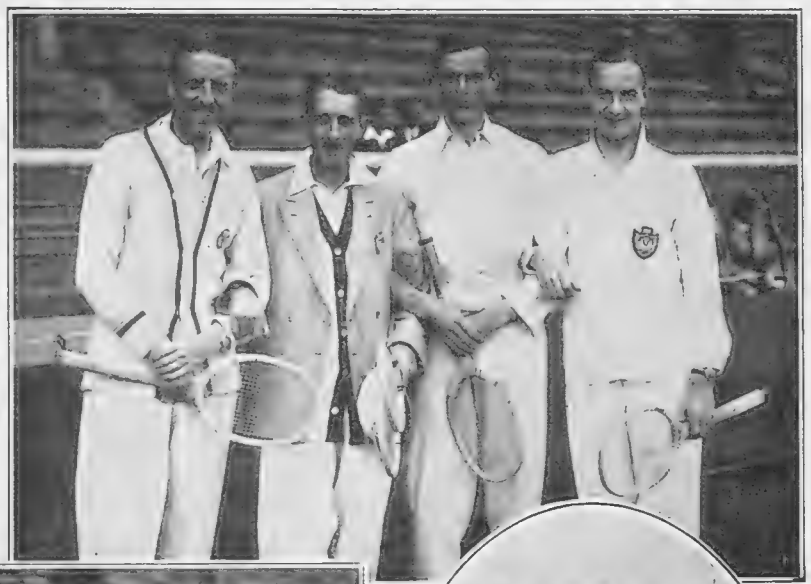
THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES

T. D. A. Collett (Leander), who defended his title of Amateur Sculling Champion of the Thames in the Wingfield Sculls over the course from Putney to Mortlake last Friday. His only challenger was D. Guye (right), of London Rowing Club

Summer Sport Ashore and Afloat

INTERNATIONAL TENNIS AT EDINBURGH

The annual International Lawn Tennis Meeting between Scotland and England was played at Murrayfield under new conditions, a series of fifteen matches being played, each side including ladies. The mixed doubles teams are seen here. On the right are the men: G. G. Eames and G. R. O. Crole-Rees (England) and W. A. R. Collins and J. T. Hill (Scotland). The ladies, seen below, are Mrs. Hudleston and Mrs. Herriot (Scotland) and Miss Joan Ridley and Miss Gwen Sterry (England)



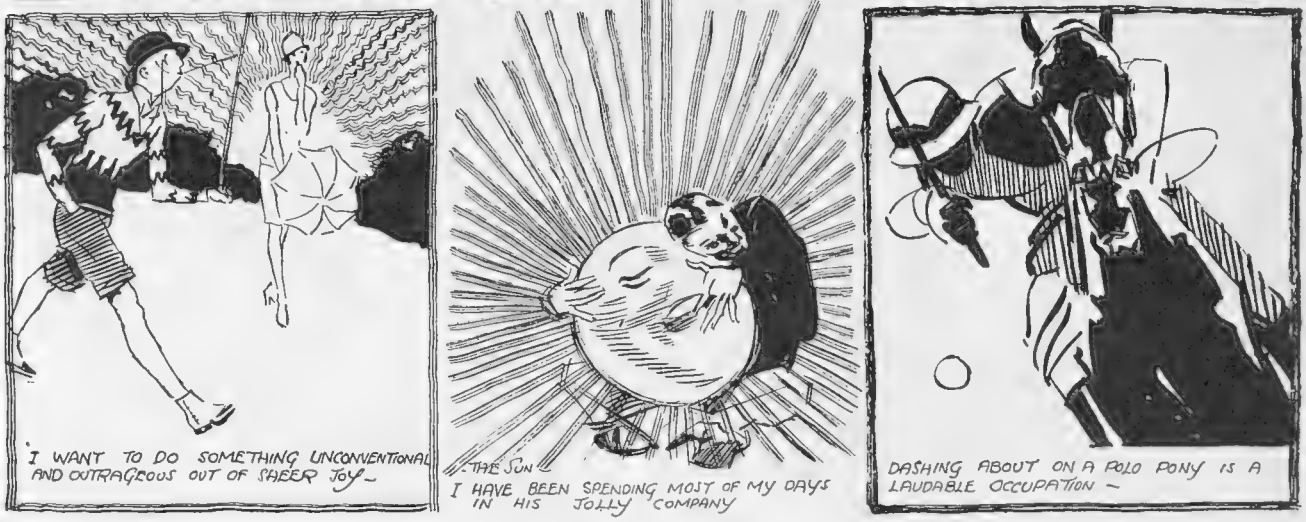
Photographs

Topical

A BISLEY TRIUMPH *Photopress*

Lance-Corporal A. C. Hale, the winner of the King's Prize at Bisley, being accorded the usual ovation. An interesting feature of the competition was the fact that his father was also in the King's Hundred

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



Sketches by Howard K. Elcock

Will It Have Lasted?

Life hurries along as swiftly as ever it did, and, as I have said before, the journalist is an unhappy mortal. I want to do something unconventional and outrageous out of sheer joy at the summer we have been having. I should like to snap my fingers (vulgarly) at the pessimists and say: "What did I tell you?" When these lines appear in print the glorious summer of 1928 may still be with us. On the other hand, we may be considering grey skies, mackintoshes, and secondary depressions. You never can tell.

I Don't Care

Still, I don't care. I don't care the proverbial kettle-mender's expletive. This royal July has already blessed us with more sunshine than the unlamented 1927 could muster in many months. I'm afraid I have not worked hard during these sunny days, like the industrious apprentice. Nor have I attended scrupulously to my social engagements, as a gentleman should. I have had a standing engagement with a friend I had not seen for a long while —to wit, the sun—and I have been spending most of my days latterly in his very jolly company, and, moreover, doing next to nothing.

My Old Friend

That, I submit, is how the sun likes you to spend your time when he is good enough to shine upon you. Dashing about on a polo pony is a laudable occupation, but I rather think good Sol considers you are more appreciative if you lie on a deck-chair and just bask in his friendship. You do him more honour in this way than by performing terpsichorean feats with a tennis racquet.

The Glory of the Garden

From my deck-chair I can also appreciate the exquisite glory of the garden. Kipling has told us that

"Gardens are not made
By singing 'Oh, how beautiful!' and sitting in the shade."

Meaning, I suppose, that I ought to be up and digging, and that your Bystander has no right to be a mere bystander at all. I rise—or I should rise if my deck-chair were not so comfortable—to oppose the motion.

Division of Labour

It may seem, at first sight, unfair that my gardener should do all the hoeing and that I should merely admire. But then I am a natural-born admirer, just as he is a born gardener. He gardens with industry. I admire with zest. There is perfect division of labour between us. I am lost in admiration of his climbing roses, his white Madonna lilies, and his glowing borders of rose campion, all carmine and silver. I appreciate them if ever a man did. He does not. He thinks them nonsense. He considers them a waste of time that might more usefully be employed upon cauliflowers.

Each Man to his Job

Yet we live in peace. We are on the best of terms because I am content to sit in the shade and sing: "Oh, how beautiful!" If I were to follow Mr. Kipling's well-meant but mistaken advice and start dashing about the herbaceous border "with broken dinner-knives," my gardener would drive me back into the house with strange oaths.

A Coign of Vantage

In my deck-chair I need think nothing but noble and beautiful thoughts. I can see the green English landscape and the white road that winds away beyond the hawthorn hedge . . .

"To find the town of Roundabout,
The merry town of Roundabout,
That makes the world go round."

So long as I am in my deck-chair I can see the romance and shining adventure of that white road that never fails to inspire the imagination.

The Road to Elfland

My deck-chair will carry me farther along the road of romance than the fastest car. Lying there I think of the poet who sang:

" I filled my wallet with white stones,
I took three foxgloves in my hand,
I slung my shoes across my back,
And so I went to fairyland."

But walking would spoil the whole illu sion. The sun is hot. The road is dusty. The road, if I walk along it, leads not to Roundabout, but to the railway station. So if you love me, leave me to my deck-chair.

Lottie Venne

The true spirit of English comedy suffers a sad and irreplaceable loss in the lamented death of Lottie Venne. Though a consummate artist in all her *rôles*, she played a particular kind of " fluffy " part in a way that delighted thousands, and those who saw her in the old days with Charles Hawtrey looked upon that rare jewel, English comedy, in its perfection. More than one brilliant playwright has confessed that he remembers his lines by the memory of her voice. She made the dullest line scintillate, and her vivacity and irresponsible wit left her audiences quietly chuckling from the rise of the curtain. We can ill afford such a loss.

Personality

Nothing, as a rule, is more barren than the usual type of controversy between the new and the old, the elder and the younger generation. I have no particular use either for those who sneer or for those who grow maudlin over " the good old days." No argument will alter the fact that each generation must live its own life. But if the older folk will admit that there is higher general level to-day of ability we of the younger school would concede that in most walks of life there is lack of outstanding personality. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, but pity 'tis, 'tis true.

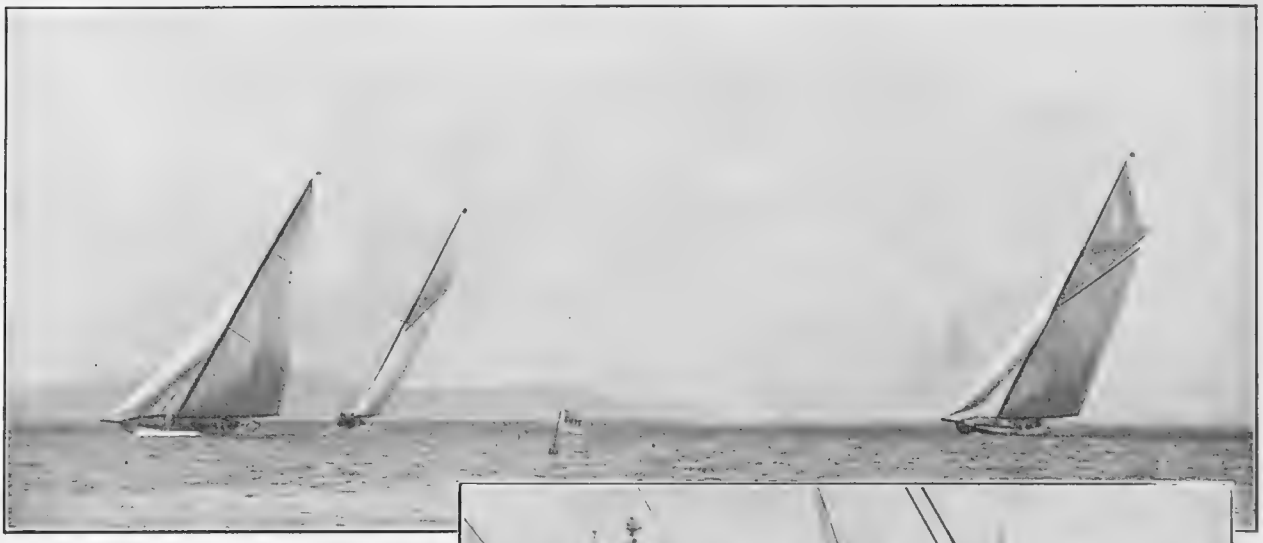
For Example

Thus, while the ability and honesty of our statesmen stands generally higher than it ever did, we have no Gladstone, no towering Disraeli. Our acting is almost uniformly good—it was never better, on the whole—but where are the Irvings, the Trees, even the Hawtreys? On the cricket field it is the same. More batsmen make competent, workmanlike centuries than ever before, but, alas! we have no W. G., no Ranji, no Johnny Briggs. As the poet sang:

" Oh, my Hornby and my Barlow long ago . . ."

By David Wilson

THE "POLITICAL" HEAT-WAVE!—SHADRACH, MESHACH, AND ABEDNEGO—UP TO DATE!



Sport and General

SIR WILLIAM BERRY'S CAMBRIA, HIS MAJESTY'S BRITANNIA, AND SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S SHAMROCK

A Regatta Off the Irish Coast

Central News

ON BOARD SHAMROCK DURING THE RACING

Photographs

TNASNAGH LEADING IVIZA

L.N.A.

SHAMROCK LEADING LORD WARING'S WHITE HEATHER

Yachts bearing famous names took part in the Royal Ulster Yacht Club's Regatta in Bangor Bay, Co. Down, under ideal sporting conditions, with a smooth sea, a steady south-west breeze, and a blue sky overhead. His Majesty's cutter Britannia scored a fine win in the big race on the closing day

Living Tropically

By Blanchette

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *July* 23.

DEAR COUSIN,

CERTAIN signs and symptoms thereof having quite lately been seen, not to say felt, have been rather wondering, I have, just what exactly would happen to us if we had to live tropically—

Not for just a day,
Not for just a week,
But always,

as the poet hath it. If, I mean, the sun really did go on shining gloriously and relentlessly to the $x+1$th from briliantly and unalterably blue skies till the cows came home (their occupation being, obviously, gone, as Shakespeare once put it, seeing that milk'd go pop and butter melt as soon as made, so to speak). If, furthermore and therefore, we were for ever inventing fresh minimums in clothes and fresh excuses for evading and avoiding any sort or kind of work more strenuous than switching on the electric fan or turning on the cold tap in the bathroom. Or (if positively extra-super-strong-willed and energetic) ordering about a hundredweight of ice and the car to take us right to the edge of nearest sea or river where we could just fall in and stay in till dragged, dredged, drained, or starved out.

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WHAT *would* happen, I wonder, supposing what so many of us pretend to, and p'raps even possibly really do, believe they'd love came true and life was one long summer, as you might say? And a regular right-down proper one, mark you, and no nonsense about it—eighty-and-more-in-the-shade sort of thing all the time, and none of those horrid clouds and mists and rains and so on that we so fervently and with one voice start moaning about whenever they turn up. No, sir, the genuine hot stuff or It, that we wistfully yearn after (when it isn't there) like Atlantis, or pre-War prices, or a Lost Ideal.

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MEANWHILE, the theatre managers are all busily wailing that they're ruined, and so are the bookies, too, poor, dear things, 'cos of the Tote that's really and truly going through, mark you, for the Government hath said it, and when they really *do* say anything—well, it *means* something. Though racing's slumping so badly, they say, no one really knows whether anything'll properly put it straight in the mere money way. Not that the money side matters in the least, come to think of it—yes, of course, all through the War, you know, the Government and all the best peers and people like Lord Derby and Lord Lonsdale simply *insisted* on its being kept on, whatever happened, just to *improve the breed of horses*. Cavalry being, of course, simply fearfully important in modern war . . . so that's that, and no need to do any worrying, is there?

"Whether slim women are better than plump ones"

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TALKING of horses and suchlike, all these nice agricultural shows and things are still merrily going on, and all the best farmers and people being thrilled to the core, however hot it may be, about their fat cattle and sheep and pigs and other stalwart and guileless animals — sometimes, between you and me, not really very *much* less lovable *or* personable than their owners who so calmly and superiorly dispose of their destinies. I wonder, by the way, how much any of *them*—the owners, I mean—would fetch per lb. at auction among the *connoisseurs*, and, if so, why? And talking of fat stock, should know summer was really here even if there wasn't any other evidence, 'cos

"All these nice agricultural shows"

of the way they've started, writing in the papers about bathing belles and publishing their nice beefy photographs . . . oh, what hips and thighs!). Also, whether slim women are better than plump ones, and which of them is jealous of which, and whether fat wives are kinder, or thin ones more passionate . . . oh, help!

APROPOS of bathing, by the way—a rather fascinating and alluring word these days—had a quite pleasant party the other night at a certain swimming place in Westminster, where things only properly began at midnight and barely ended at 5 a.m. But am not sure these sort of affairs with champagne and flowers aren't really rather stuffy, and blaspheming the proper name of bathing. Which truly belongs to the clean open spaces of a quite simple little beach, with a game of golf or lawn tennis toward or past, and a salt smell in your nostrils, and a healthy hunger for regular meals lurking in the background . . . that's really the life, is not it? The holiday life that at this season of the year, by the way, some of us even have already tasted, and some are tasting, and some—the luckiest of all, meseems—are yet about to taste. Oh, what divine days! . . . and, by the way, must say in a sort of way am positively quite sorry, I think, though not quite sure, for the ones who can do it all the time if they want to—holiday-making, I mean—only, of course, somehow they never seem to have the sense to, that's the surprising thing. Anyway, we world's workers do always get that priceless sense of contrast that I'm sure the mere drones would try to buy from us at a great price if they only knew, what?

And so are the bookies wailing too

MEANTIME, though there's still lots of nice, also funny, things happening here in London now, even with this Season near its end, that's been, as some cynic put it, all asphalt and lobster claws—such being the (disillusioned) feminine translation of all beer and skittles. Dancing for one thing, which, thank heaven, never properly has an end, nor, for that matter, a beginning. *On danse toujours*, with more or less risk, it's true—at private dances. Of course, you never know these days, do you, when someone'll come up and ask you for your invitation or card of admittance, and then likewise it's ten to one before the evening's out you'll be asked to pose yourself nicely for the photographer as a pleasant memento (to be seen afterwards in picture papers, perhaps, or, again, perhaps not). Useful though, of course, it must be for some of the hostesses, the careful kind, to get these little *cartes d'identification* in case of trouble, must not it?—bless their little hearts!

"Be asked to pose yourself nicely"

DIDST read many books, by the way, in recent tropical period, when all mere action was as naught? I did. Including the end of Mr. Galsworthy's Saga of the Forsytes, which, must say, I found even more bloodless than usual, though, thank heaven, at least someone did actually have a full-dress intrigue before the boring old gentleman Soames at last finally passed out. Beautifully written, of course, and all that, but oh, are the Forsytes really England, as someone's suggested? I do trust not. Also read Storm Jameson's "Farewell to Youth," which is much more human and rather charming. Was rather tickled, by the way, by his few kind words about the complete death of Summer, which, says she, "began to go out when Protocols and Fascism came in." But we know better, what? Talking about humanity, Yvonne Arnaud is most delightfully human and feminine (which is the same thing, I s'pose, though men *have* said we're divine) in that new Ben Travers cum Tom Walls comedy at the Fortune Theatre. Got the most irritating husband, my dear, that ever the Lord or a dramatic author sent a woman, and yet, she loves him. A bright little show this "Mischief," with several rather naughty lines, let alone a word popular in a Shavian play.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

Wedded and Engaged

A NAVAL WEDDING *I.B.*

Lieutenant Peter Skelton, R.N., photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Janice Clarke, after their wedding at St. Peter's, Cranley Gardens. Mrs. Skelton is the daughter of Mrs. Murray, of The Shieling, Llandrindod Wells

Photographs AN IRISH ENGAGEMENT *Poole, Waterford*

Miss Moira V. Brassey, eldest daughter of Capt. Robert Brassey, of Cottesbrooke Hall, Northampton, who is engaged to Mr. John E. O'Brien (right), of Lakefield, Fethard, Co. Tipperary. Mr. O'Brien is a nephew of the famous cricketer, Sir "Tim" O'Brien, and is Hon. Whip of the Kilkenny Hounds. Capt. Brassey has been for several seasons Master of the Limerick Hounds

Poole, Waterford

A MAYOR'S WEDDING

The Mayor of Aldershot, Major H. M. Foster, with his bride, Miss Moira Mayers, daughter of the Very Rev G. S. Mayers, Dean of Lismore, and Mrs. Mayers, leaving Christchurch Cathedral, Waterford. Major Foster is the younger son of the late Sir William Foster and Lady Foster

Photographs *Sport and General*

LADY MARY SCOTT LORD BURGHLEY

Considerable interest was occasioned by the report that Lord Burghley and Lady Mary Scott, the fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, are to be married. Lord Burghley, who is the heir of the Marquess of Exeter, has made a very big name for himself by his hurdling achievements both at Cambridge and in other spheres. Since coming down from the University he has been gazetted to a commission in the Grenadier Guards

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

SPREAD EAGLE

AT THE NEW THEATRE

Produced June 27, 1928

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THIS seems to be a very complete recipe, "writ sarcastik," as Artemus Ward used to say, for making War in the sacred interests of High Finance. There are those who say that we shall always have wars, and I suppose we must always have financiers, or else we should have no one to whom to pay the good money we drop in the course of our little flutters on 'Change. Apart from the absorbing interest of the story, the outstanding feature of the production is the unusually able acting, notably by Mr. Raymond Massey and Mr. Fritz Williams. Mr. Williams is Martin Henderson, the financier who controls the Spread Eagle Mining Company, and Mr. Massey is Joe Cobb, his secretary and whipping-boy. When the high finance of the Company has a little difference with the law of the land, Joe takes the blame; and if Henderson gets mixed up in an awkward feminine intrigue, Joe is expected to marry the girl.

RAYMOND MASSEY AS JOE COBB

FRITZ WILLIAMS AS HENDERSON

ERNEST WEATHERALL AS COL ROJAS

BEN WELDEN AS GENERAL DE CASTRO

OLIVE BLAKENEY AS ROSALIE

THE point about the Spread Eagle Mine is that it is located in Mexico, where the revolutions come from. With every fresh revolution the Mexicans suddenly become very patriotic, and massacre the foreign residents in cold blood for the honour and glory of their country. Time and again the Spread Eagle Company has appealed to Washington to declare war on Mexico by way of a fitting reprisal, but always the Government is Too Proud to Fight. And while one Mexican Government is considering the amount of cash indemnity to be paid for the murders, another Government comes along and repudiates the debt on the time-honoured justification of "Please, Sir, it wasn't me."

FINDING it impossible to start a real War, Mr. Henderson decides to finance a revolution so that his company will be on good terms with the new Government when the next Dictator comes into his own—or somebody else's. He therefore receives at his office on Broadway the notorious swashbuckler, General de Castro, to whom he pays something like three-quarters of a million dollars for one standard revolution as per specification, to be delivered as soon as it is ready to leave the factory. Castro on his side undertakes to protect the interests of the Spread Eagle Mining Company, and the deal is clinched accordingly. It is true that in the course of his triumphant march de Castro's army will, as usual, massacre a number of good American citizens, but Mr. Henderson cannot help that. We have to consider the greatest good of the greatest number, and high financiers must Think Imperially. You can't make omelettes without breaking eggs.

SHORTLY after that Lois, the pretty young daughter of the great financier, happens along to ask a great favour of daddy. She introduces a bright young man of the name of Parkman, who is the son of a former President of the United States. He is, indeed, known as the "White House Baby," but as time goes on he finds his distinguished parentage a rather bad handicap in a country where "the man's the gowd for a' that," as Mr. Burns puts it in his quaint orthography. Parkman is tired of being merely a great man's son. He wants to make a career for himself, and would like Mr. Henderson to give him a job anywhere between China and Peru. Mr. Henderson obviously likes the boy's frankness. He wonders whether young Parkman would like to take up a position in—er—shall we say, Mexico?

PARKMAN replies that he will go anywhere where he can be of use. Mr. Henderson drums thoughtfully with his fingers on his blotting-pad and looks at Joe Cobb. And Joe Cobb looks curiously at Mr. Henderson. There is little

doubt that if young Parkman goes to the Spread Eagle Mine in Mexico he will be shot in the course of the new revolution just ordered by Mr. Henderson. And while the Government at Washington may blink mildly at the murder of a mere mining engineer or so, the shooting of the son of a former President—and the White House Baby at that—must surely rouse the war-spirit of the nation. The wildest dreams of High Finance have never before visualised such a slice of luck as this, and young Parkman is hurried off to the South before he has time to change his mind.

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THEN we come to the Office Shack of the Spread Eagle Mining Company in Mexico. News has come that General de Castro is sweeping all before him in his march to victory, and the Mexican employees of the Company at once go on strike. There is a pleasing prospect of their being able to join in the general massacre of "Gringoes," a proceeding which adds so much to the enjoyment of a revolution, and they do not want to miss any of the fun. Young Parkman is at the mine with an Irish foreman and Mrs. Kent, a young widow who has gone South to cure a perforated lung. At her instigation Parkman and the Irishman try to escape, but not before she has pieced together the fragments of the plot by Mr. Henderson to sacrifice the lad on the high altar of Mammon. When de Castro comes striding into the place she taunts him with the origin of his revolution, with the pathetic result that de Castro decides that she knows too much, and she is taken outside and shot accordingly.

DENYS BLAKELOCK AS CHARLES PARKMAN

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WE then meet Mr. Henderson again. As he expected would be the case, news has been received that young Parkman has been killed, and the United States Army has been mobilised, and War has been declared on Mexico accordingly. He himself volunteers for military service—well behind the fighting line—and we see him in his luxurious railway car at the base. Then a strange thing happens. Young Parkman turns up again. It appears that he was not killed, but only wounded, and he crawls limply into the saloon-car for a straight talk with Mr. Henderson on the error of his financial ways. He says, also, that he is going straight to New York to proclaim the truth. Truth, however, is not usually regarded by High Finance as a very liquid asset; and Joe Cobb comes once more to the rescue of his employer. On the accepted rule of, No case, abuse the plaintiff, Joe, with his sharper wit, manages to cross-examine the young man into a state of mental confusion, and the story that is given out to the Press is just a beautiful outburst of romance that is quite picturesque in its rosy mendacity. I found the play fascinating to a degree.

FRITZ WILLIAMS AS HENDERSON

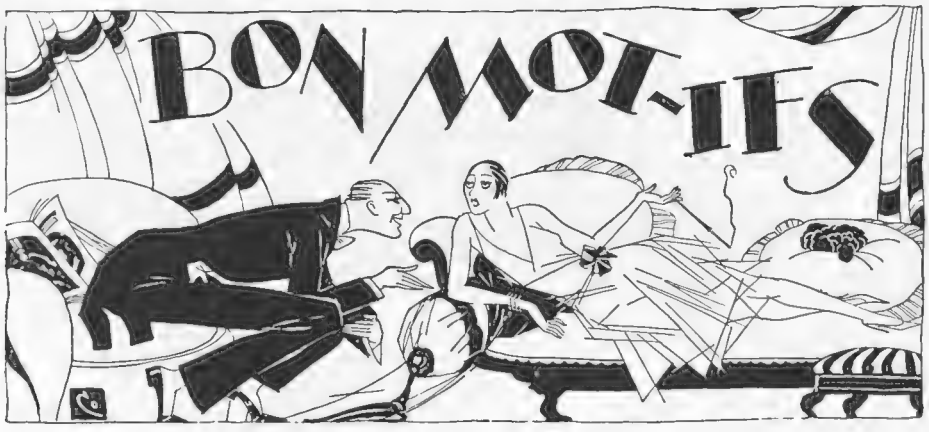
HANNAH KELLOGG AS LOIS HENDERSON

BEN WELDEN AS GENERAL DE CASTRO

S

IT may even be a play with a moral, though that is not likely to disturb the equanimity of High Finance, which, like the poor, will be always with us, and will continue to sacrifice the pawns in the game, whether they be "Greasers" or "Gringoes." Somebody once told me that the word "Gringo" was coined by the Mexicans from a chanty of Scottish sailors, "Green grow the rushes O!" an effort of the late Robert Burns of Scotland. But I advance the point with diffidence, as I seem to write for people so much better informed than myself, who cannot help sometimes reminding me of the melancholy fact.

JINGLE.



By HARTLEY CARRICK

Apropos the "uninvited guest," it would appear that a certain prominent Society hostess has administered to some would-be members of the Smart Set a smart-set-back.

. . . . . .

For robbing a hire-purchase firm, a man last week was sentenced to six months. It is rumoured that he requested to be delivered to prison in a plain van.

. . . . . .

A Mr. Gould has published a book on insects. We are confident that some reviewer will waggishly refer to him as Mr. Gnat Gould.

. . . . . .

"She told me her father was a baronet."

"Why, she's only a telephone operator."

"Well, anyhow, that means she's well connected."

Share-pushers from America are once more busy in this country. We advise our readers to have nothing to do with their guilt-edged securities.

. . . . . .

A correspondent writes:—"I have bought a house for which I have to pay £10 17*s.* 3*d.* a month for ten years. What is my total indebtedness?" We do not dabble in hire mathematics.

. . . . . .

"I've just had my photo taken. What do you think of it?"

"It's very like you. Have you paid for 'em?"

"No."

"It's very like you."

. . . . . .

We read that after the Eton and Harrow match there was the usual fashionable parade. It is the ladies who are most interested in the clothes of play.

By Stan Terry

A "DIVOTEE" OF THE GAME

Beginner: "I haven't made much progress this morning"

Caddie: "No, sir—yours 'as bin all ground work!"

Overworked Phrases

"There's just time for a quick one."

"I only want it till next Saturday.'

"Jolly good floor, isn't it?"

"It must have weighed eight pounds."

"How's the old complaint?"

"I'm not that sort of girl."

. . . . . .

"Poor old Jones looks quite broken down."

"Yes; it's because his kids have just broken up."

. . . . . .

From a provincial paper:—"Unfortunately most of the actors were inedible." Obviously, therefore, the audience were unable to "eat" the play.

. . . . . .

Six Society girls have announced their intention to attempt to swim the Channel. Our Bright Young Things must be in the swim.

. . . . . .

Or can it be that they realise that a woman's place is in the foam?

. . . . . .

Remarked the celebrated golfer to his friend:—"My whole doubt was whether I could hold out. Then, at the eighteenth, I holed out."

. . . . . .

Jones had lost five pounds to Smith at poker, and promised to remit the amount. At the end of a month, Smith wrote:—"Dear Jones, am hard up so should be glad of that fiver."

Jones replied.—"Dear Smith, enclosed please find fiver; I'm d—d if I can!"

. . . . . .

Who wrote:—"Some women are never happy unless some man is more in love with them than their husbands."

. . . . . .

"Do you ever work in the garden?" inquired a friend of an eminent financier.

"Well," remarked the latter reflectively, "I sometimes water my stocks."

. . . . . .

"I see Thompson has been divorced."

"Quite right, too. For years he has been leading a double wife."

. . . . . .

Answer to schoolboy correspondent:—No, Bobby, a cuckoo is not a bird which lays other birds' eggs in its own nest, and *viva voce*.

A Weight on Her Mind

BY THORPE

YOUNG INNOCENT: "But surely, Uncle, a horse like that weighs more than six stone eight"

A Southern Study from Paris

Topical

AT THE FOLIES BERGÈRE

Collette Jove and her partner Raymond photographed in a Spanish pose at the Folies Bergère. These well-known dancers have made a special success with the grace and originality of their dancing à l'Espagnole

PARISIANA

By RENÉ

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Will rush to purchase the short and narrow ones"

WE shall now be all right—very soon. Speaking, that is, on behalf of the pedestrians of Paris, who at present find that it takes nearly as long to traverse the motor car jammed Place de l'Opera as it does to go from Paris to Versailles by train—besides requiring a heavier premium on an accident insurance policy. In fact, harassed *piétons* were beginning to abandon this struggle to cross the road and try to live their lives on one side.

BUT in France it is traditional that the moment creates the man; that whenever a grave crisis reaches its height there is forthcoming the genius who can solve it. He has arrived. In the unexpected form of a municipal councillor—a type that does not stand high in the regards of Paris. Says he, triumphantly: "We cannot increase the surface of the thoroughfares,

'Isn't Daddy doing his reciting awfully well this morning?"

so let us decrease the surface of the vehicles which are choking them. Let us tax the long and wide automobile so severely that owners will rush to purchase the short and narrow ones—taxed lightly, and then, where it has been difficult for three cars to ride abreast, it will be possible for ten to pass in comfort."

Epatant! Pas vrai? There are already some *minuscules* to be seen flustering about Paris which always remind me of the carriages that the street-arabs of the East End manufacture out of soap-boxes and wheels from the old pram. That size, no doubt, should be considered as the maximum, as ten of them would just about occupy the width of the average boulevard. But the idea is even bigger than the single question of traffic congestion. It could be applied in the solution of so many problems which are at present worrying the authorities of Paris. Notably the housing crisis. For a councillor who can reduce the size of motor cars by a mere taxation decree it should be quite possible to order Parisians not to grow taller than two feet. And as citizens of that build would obviously not require so much living space as now, every flat could be made into two by the halving of the rooms, thus ending the shortage of accommodation with charming ease. Obviously there are many other troubles which could be similarly removed, but let us not get too enthusiastic or excited over this first ticking of a giant brain.

AMONG those who lend distinction to "the Colony" in Paris is an Englishman who is most enthusiastic about amateur theatricals. Without flattering him in the least, it can be sincerely written that he is a very capable actor. And he deserves the successes he gains because he works very hard at his hobby, passing night after night in rehearsals at home with his equally enthusiastic wife. Consequently, he has received many tributes to his abilities, but never one quite so unexpected as that which has just come his way, and which is perhaps giving more delight to his numerous acquaintances than it is to himself. For him it was somewhat embarrassing.

HE is the father of a very modern little girl of six, one of those who need a lot of holding in. Coming to the conclusion that she was getting out of hand and that it was time to plank down the paternal foot, he spoke to her very sharply over stampeding about his room. "This kind of wild behaviour must stop," he said. "Besides," he went on, more sternly, "you have lately been altogether too disobedient. You have now to understand, once and for all, that when I tell you to stop doing a thing you must stop, and you must never do it again. You understand, you must stop." He was hoping for a meek "Yes, father," but the little girl turned to her mother and said,

'As a tempting invitation"

"Mummy, isn't Daddy doing his reciting awfully well this morning?"

S

SHUTTERS have been closed in greater numbers in the West End of Paris this week, but it is clear that the tendency towards extending the "season" grows stronger each year. Not so long ago it was regarded as a very dangerous social crime to be cited in Paris after the Grand Prix had been run, but the extension already reaches to from two to three weeks, and there are frequently as many Society folk at the Prix du President at St. Cloud as there are at Longchamp and Auteuil during the Grande Semaine.

"To spray the photographer"

S

ONE of the most enjoyable of the final *réunions* was a garden party given by M. and Mme. Herriot. M. Herriot, now the French Minister of Education, though he cultivates an aggressively plebian appearance, is an exceptionally fine host, especially for such a gathering of literary, artistic, and theatrical folk. He is an amazingly charming conversationalist, and, though you would hardly expect it to look at him, he has a very light wit which is always a delight to listeners. If he had not possessed this ready wit his garden party would have been spoiled.

S

ONLY a few minutes before the guests were about to arrive an official of the Ministry hurried to him and explained that there was trouble with one of the gardeners, who declined to stop work. "The fellow declares," said the official, "that as he has been paid to water the lawns and hasn't finished, he will go on watering them, and that if the ladies come on to the lawns he will water them as well." "There is further trouble," added the official, "in the shape of a photographer who has installed himself in the grounds and refuses to go away. He similarly insists that he will carry out his job."

S

FOR a second or two M. Herriot's customary cheerfulness vanished while he pondered over the delicate situation. Then his face brightened as he instructed the official: "Go quietly to the photographer and tell him to photograph the gardener, and let somebody whisper to the gardener to spray the photographer. That should straighten things out." It certainly did. Within a few minutes the unwelcome couple were fighting the matter out, and they left the garden to settle the issue away from official premises.

S

THE long-hair and short-hair struggle is continually revived in Paris, but it becomes clear that the *coiffeurs* are on the side of the short-haired brigade. No sooner does the long-haired minority show signs of gaining ground than they invent some prettier mode of wearing short hair. One of the latest innovations is to let a single long strand grow at the left side of the head just above the ear. This is carried in a dainty sweep right round to the other side, and the end allowed to curl on the right cheek. As kiss-curls go, this certainly suggests itself as a tempting invitation. RENÉ.

I.B.

A YOUTHFUL DEPUTATION

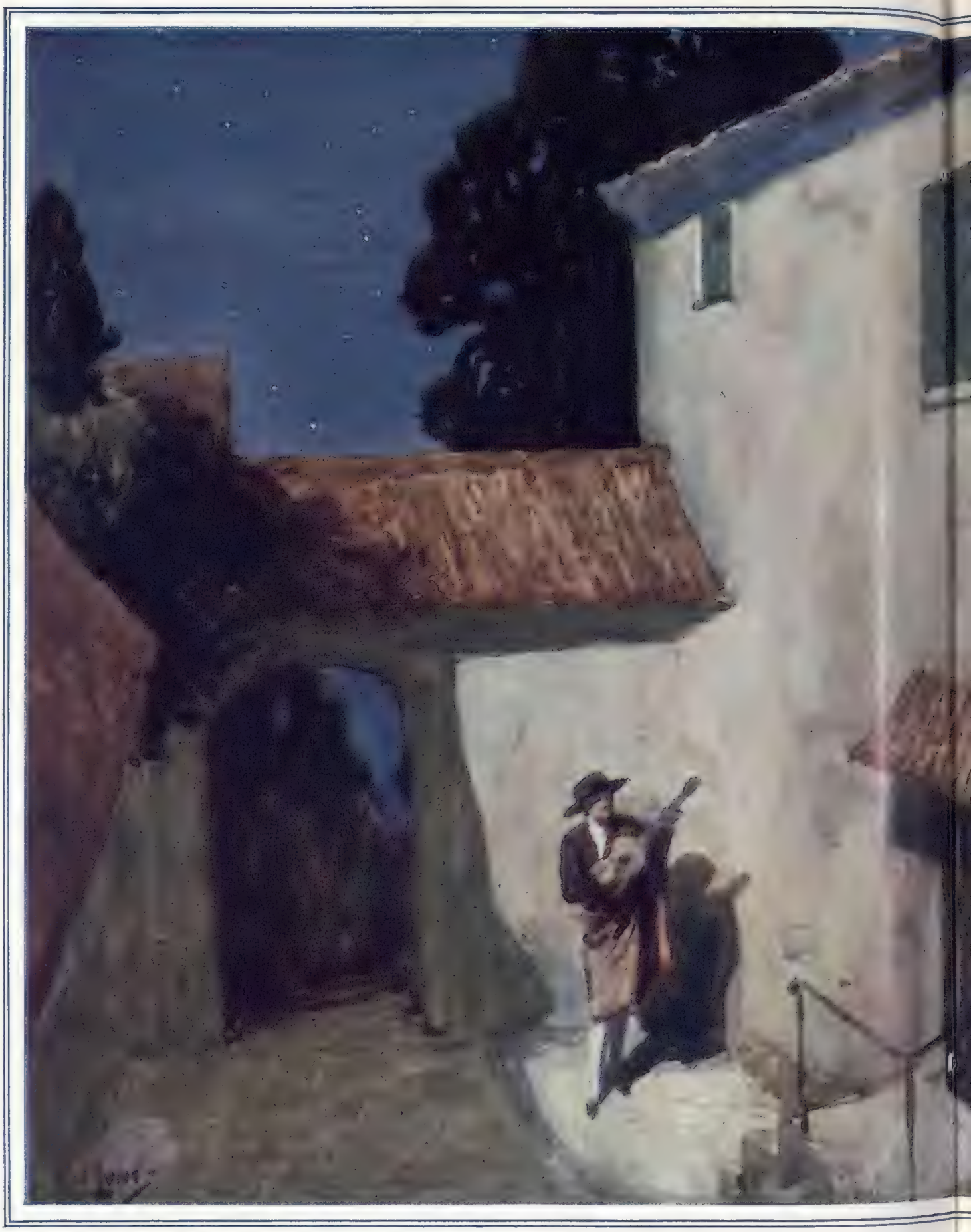
The Duchess of Brabant, with whom is the Duke of Brabant, heir to the Belgian throne, smilingly receives a bouquet from two children representing sports societies. The presentation took place during the visit of the Duke and Duchess to Bruges

Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. COLLER

TENNIS STARS IN ACTION: NO. 5—MRS. M. WATSON

Mrs. Watson, with Miss Eileen Bennett, was one of our top two lady players nominated for Wimbledon. There are better all-round players, but she is the most powerful base-line hitter we have, and on her day is practically unvolleyable. She would certainly be second, or even first, choice for England in an International

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.



THE BA

BY WILMOT LUNT

BALCONY

In Airtight Tins (Ordinary or Broad Cut), 2 oz. 2/5, 4 oz. 4/10. Also in Cartridge Form.

SOME FRIENDLY FAIRWAYS

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrations by H. H. HARRIS*

No. X—THE SUNLIGHT AND THE SWARD

" Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,
And through the gaps revealed,
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim,
Blue goodness of the Weald."

SOME years ago schism arose in the minds of men in respect of Seaford's golf. And whereas then there was only one course on the headland that flanks this snug Sussex town, now there are two; and you can pay your money and take your choice. But if you look at the little booklet which tells you all about entrance fees and subscriptions, and you scan the advertisements of the local tradesmen who announce most obligingly that " families are waited upon daily for orders," you will see the terse announcement that, although the Seaford Golf Club was established in 1887, it moved itself to its present course at East Blatchington in 1907: and that is when the row was raging.

We have had a much bigger bust-up since then called " the War," and in the searing flame of that we forgot all about the dreadful details of Seaford's strife, and I vote we go on forgetting them. I knew nothing about all this when the train carried me round under the shadows of the Lewes hills towards tea-time of a summer's day and deposited me in Seaford. And I should have cared less had I known: for a taxi took me to a hotel midway up Blatchington's hill, where they gave me tea in a Sussex garden; after which a pipe and a putter and I adventured up this hill to survey the land before the morrow's battle with a Secretary whose handicap was an ominous 4.

Strangers' minds will be full of covetousness as they walk up the hill towards the Seaford Club, for on either side of them they will see the trim little houses that richer men than they have built for themselves. Houses, don't you know, with glassed-in verandahs, the view from which is of the far-away Channel traffic, and Downland, and bell-tinkling sheep and white cliffs —Sussex, in fact, in her most seductive dress. And immediately behind these golfing retreats lies the Seaford Course all ready to their hands. How I envy them!

When I first saw it I said: " Here, come what may by telegram or hateful telephone, I remain for a spell of days," for the sight was unique and superb. Salmon-pink sand, if you please, they have in their bunkers—they get it from Hassocks, close by—behind which flamed the yellow gorse; all round and about which stretched the green Sussex Down turf, which after Silloth is the most ingratiating in the world; beyond and above which hung the turquoise curtain of the sky puffed up with little white cushions of cloud.

There is also to be had from this course a view. They call it Cradle Valley. And the full purport and impressiveness of it will burst upon you next morning from the eleventh tee when the battle is at its height, so that you will only give it a perfunctory glance and will not be able to allow it to sink into your system as it should. For it is a view of a Sussex valley between the " blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs," the like of which and the lure of which cannot be explained with a pen but must be experienced with the eyes to be instantly loved. It is a place where any man of any mentality or restiveness can come and be at peace with himself and the whole wide world.

"There are some 'goatish' holes on this course"

In the morning, when the Down dew lay heavy on the grass and the sun had not yet shown us the perfections of its picture, but promised soon to do so, we drove across the little valley which divides the first tee from the first elusive green, and the divine day opened out to us, beautifying itself minute by minute as we played. There are no better greens in Sussex—on the South Coast, in fact—than these. And the whole atmosphere of the place is provocative to pleasure. It appeared to me that one's own mediocrity of play is largely mitigated by the enchanting surroundings; they ought to be good enough. For me they were. For most people they are.

But it seems that some men think quite otherwise. For here is a tale of one such at Seaford upon a sunny summer morning. A type of excellent hazard they have here are their grassy pits: the sort of pits you will find on most Down land, especially in Sussex. It happened upon this day that Army manœuvres were in progress about the land, and the regimental band of one of the Units so engaged had ensconced itself in a large, deep, grassy pit just ahead of the thirteenth tee, to drink, smoke, and be still. The victim of my tale, who had thus far suffered the tortures of a completely off day and was not in the best of tempers, was in

the very act to strike his ball off the tee when *suddenly the hidden band played!* Of all the queer experiences of golf I do not think I have ever heard the equal of this. The tale is shamefully embroidered by a man who assures me that the tune they struck up was Sullivan's "Ruddigore"—and that so was the player's language!

One of the prettiest of 18 pretty holes on this fascinating golf course has a dear old Sussex barn to the left of the fairway, typical of this part of the country, in which mowing machines and golf course impedimenta are now stored. An American gentleman playing here upon a day stood as one in a trance before it saying "Gee!" and things of that sort. When he got back to the clubhouse he put his admiration into further words by making the Committee what he called "a firm and formal offer right now" of £500 for the tiles on the roof, to take back with him to what one presumes he would call "God's own country." The Sussex tiles are still here.

Suddenly the band played

The Seaford *Links* Club—I have italicised the word so that there should be no possibility of mistake—otherwise the members of both would never forgive me—lies upon the cliffs and in the valleys of Seaford itself, but mostly on the cliffs. If the indefatigable two-rounds-a-day man wishes to investigate both these pleasant places between sunrise and sunset my humble suggestion is that he should visit the Links Club in the morning, when his strength is unimpaired. For there are some "goatish" holes on this course. But it has also one of the most spectacular tee shots in England—the fifteenth. Here you stand with all the town spread before you, far below. The green in the deep distance looks about the size of a soup plate—and towards it you press. But do not press in the golfing sense, strong as is the temptation to do so, for there are 497 yards to go, and a well hit drive travelling, as it is, steeply downhill the whole way, will go an astonishingly long distance here if dealt with properly.

A very curious situation arises in respect of the Seaford Links Club—the word "Links," by the way, sounds a shade optimistic to me. The Seafordians are, very properly, desperately anxious to preserve their beautiful headland from the predatory hands of the speculative builder. The Corporation accordingly bought the golf course in order to secure themselves against the possibility of any such vandalism. And the course now belongs to the town. But the Ministry of Health, who seem to have had a big say in the matter, while allowing the golf course to come on to the rates, professed to have no knowledge of any such thing as a club house, and would not sanction the purchase by public money of any so scandalous a luxury in these days of dearth.

The Corporation subsequently proposed that some "person or persons unknown" should take over the administration of this golf course, with which they did not want to be hampered. So they "put it out to tender." There is something rather funny to my mind in the atmosphere of "any advance on five thousand for this splendid test of golf, gentlemen: I'm not waiting: any *advance*—five thousand and *one*—thank you, sir . . ."

Meanwhile the wretched club house fraternity may find themselves one morning without a golf course; or if they sell themselves on their own, the golf course may, conversely, find itself without a club house. It is all very interesting and instructive: except for the Seafordians.

D. L.

FULL SAIL AHEAD *Topical*

A picturesque photograph taken during the Colne Yachting Club's race at Brightlingsea. Mikado is seen here leading Orchis in the finish of the four-hours race, with top-sails set

G.P.U.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND WITH THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LONSDALE

Topical

MISS MARJORIE CLARK IN THE 100 YARDS HURDLES

Keystone

LORD LONSDALE AND LADY HEATH WITH MISS K. HITOMI OF JAPAN

A Record Day for the Ladies

Several new records were set up at the meeting of the Women's Amateur Athletic Association at Stamford Bridge. One of the best performances of the afternoon was the winning of the 100 Yards Hurdles by Miss Marjorie Clark, of South Africa, in $13\frac{4}{5}$ secs. Lord and Lady Lonsdale were present, and the latter handed over, on behalf of the Women's Athletic Clubs, a silk flag for the use of the British Olympic Team at Amsterdam

Central News

MISS L. L. HOWES WINS THE ONE MILE WALK

Society at Royal Cowes

Alfieri

MAJOR PIERCY AND COL. AND MRS. LAING-LONG

Alfieri

THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR BRODRICK AND LORD DORCHESTER

Alfieri

MR. AND MRS. REYNELL PACK

Alfieri

SIR VICTOR WARRENDER AND CAPTAIN SLADE

Alfieri

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR GODFREY PAINE AND MISS PAINE

The advance guard of Society at Cowes is now growing considerably, with the Regatta in such close imminence. His Majesty the King is a keen yachtsman, and Cowes Regatta is one of the sporting events in which he takes the greatest interest

British Illus.

MISS MOLLIE AND MISS CATHERINE GRETTON

CAPT. LIONEL LINDSAY, LADY JUNE CHARLTON, AND MR. CHARLES FORESTIER WALKER

MRS. McKAY AND MISS RINGWOOD

Racing Days in Summer Weather at Chepstow

MR. D. T. MAINE-TUCKER AND MISS MARIE COUTH

Some of those who were present at the recent Chepstow Summer Meeting, which was well patronised, especially on the second day. The first day proved a bookmakers' paradise, since not a single favourite won, Mrs. G. H. Drummond's Ox and Ass (H. Graves up) beating Sunny Trace in the Welsh Derby. On the second day Toboggan received a walk-over in the Welsh Oaks

Photographs

MRS. DAVID HALL AND MRS. LLEWELLYN MORGAN

Alfieri

MRS. G. H. DRUMMOND LEADING IN HER OX AND ASS, WINNER OF THE WELSH DERBY

VENETIAN NIGHTS

By E. P. LEIGH BENNETT

VENICE, *July* 19.

A GONDOLA, gentlemen, without a girl is like a Rugger ball without a bladder: there is no good in it. In fact, the gondola was made for the girl—though not always the girl for the gondola: so they tell me. Wherefore it behoves you *not* to hire a gondola here after dinner, as I did last night, with a fat, morose man as companion. For then the star-filled and insidious night becomes a hollow mockery of emptiness and male platitudes!

The Venetian night as it should be, and indeed is, enjoyed, begins long before sunset. In fact, I am not perfectly certain it doesn't start disturbing you soon after breakfast. Last night's gondolas happen to be moored in black slumbrous rows underneath my bedroom window on the Grand Canal. And even during the coffee and rolls hour, when the sun is fierce already, holding no illusions for you, these craft are redolent of last night's delicious indiscretions. Moreover, the taximen of Venice, the crafty gondoliers, are discussing last night in blue and white jocular groups just below me. It is fortunate for the unblemished reputation of some of the English and Americans in this hotel that I understand no Italian.

You see, she looks so lovely amid the colouring of a Venetian morning, in her cool white filmy frock (no sleeves), under the little multi-coloured parasol, and the red, white, and blue silk scarf you bought for her—and everything . . :

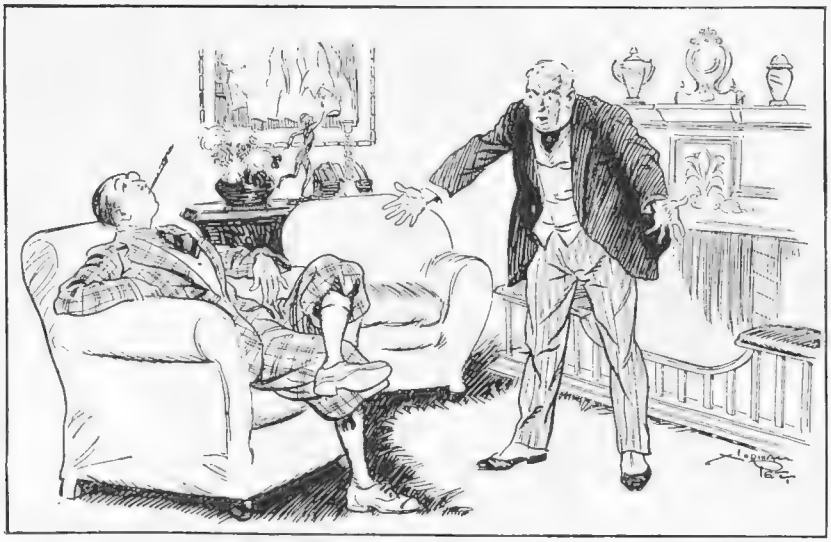
The water of all the roadways is a turquoise green (useless your saying there is no such thing as turquoise green, because a famous artist has just called it that, so I shall), and the sky is powder blue, and the buildings are fawn brickwork and snow white stone—and she is meeting you, after having her "hair done," for a cocktail in St. Mark's Square; at Florian's restaurant, which has been open night and day continuously since 1720—oh dear, oh dear! The Venetian day is blazing gloriously towards high noon, and lunch. No, she won't lunch; got to lunch at the Lido and bathe: promised faithfully and can't get out of it. Damn the Lido! "Now don't be an old bear: and have you booked that priceless gondolier with the purple sash? You have . . ."

The second cocktail hour arrives round about six; and we English here know all the crowded haunts—the Americans running us a close second. There is one famous *rencontre* here where one finds oneself—and her. A marble balcony of what was once a ducal palace. Immediately behind you are the dim interiors of lovely old walnut and tapestries and more marble—pink this time—and wrought iron windows so delicate that in the distance they look like lace: and beyond them gondoliers swinging gracefully to and fro in the "street" behind this cocktail bar. A white liveried man brings out reddish-brown Manhattans, whose background is the grey-green water, strawberry coloured gondolier mooring poles, and an amber and olive green roof behind them. She appears—"worn out, my dear, and simply aching for one"—in a tangerine jumper and a devilish little black hat. "How brown you are getting! And do we dine under those mauve lamps? How *marvellous*! I shall drink *spumanti*; may I?" . . .

The dark grey cloak of night has been pulled across the face of the canal waters, blurring them into an oblivion upon which you now drift away. She emerged from the arc of light at the hotel door in a wine-coloured frock over which she has flung a Venetian shawl of pale blue and old gold. And then the darkness of the jet black gondolier blacks her out—almost. The Venice night, you must understand, is a night of almosts. You just *can* and you just *can't* see the men and their women who are sliding up and down and round and about you. There is not a night club in the world that can hold a candle (the last thing you want, by the way), to this immense and sumptuous night club of Venice at 10 p.m.—a club open to the wide world: qualification for membership is merely a proper appreciation of its unique loveliness.

Lights, subdued in paper lanterns, beckon in the distance, from which a woman's voice cuts like a beautiful bell across the waste of waters. A concert is in progress: your man, swaying gently in the stern, drifts you towards it. All the black gondolas in the world seem to be congregated thereabouts, each prow pushing past the other like an angry swan.

Presently, irked by the propinquity of other white shirt fronts and nasal American intonations, a sharp word of command is issued to the inscrutable ghost in the stern. You can make use of any language you like—for he, the deaf, dumb and blind sphinx, will understand. Away he goes, your prow lapping the waters gently towards the blaze of lights near the Doge's Palace, where the band plays and ten thousand Venetians are congregated. To join them? No. But to drift away to the right, under the Bridge of Sighs. Are we sighing tonight, as they sighed when they passed across here to their oblivions . . . I fear we have forgotten them, and Venice, and the whole wide world.



BY NORMAN PETT

WORLDLY WISE!

MILLIONAIRE: "You want an aeroplane! Why don't you ask for the whole earth?"

SON: "Well, I may want it to fall back on!"

Moonlight . . . and the waves creeping over the shingle . . . the clean smell of the salt sea . . . pom-pom-um-pom-um-pom . . . the band in the distance . . . sunlight and the crash of the breakers . . . What's it like? Quite warm . . . Splash! . . . Crooked village streets that end in mysterious wharves and jetties . . . Tarred rope . . . white sails and "The Fisherman's Arms" . . . well, it's not quite time yet, Sir . . . but . . . two Worthingtons? . . . Yes, Sir.

THE BIG THREE By Mac

An impression of the "powers that be" on the England Test Match Selection Committee. They are (left to right) Messrs. Leveson-Gower, A. E. R. Gilligan, and J. W. H. T. Douglas

CRICKET

UMPIRES

By MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON

In his own sphere an umpire has the most powerful position known to mankind. He is appointed at the beginning of the cricket season at a conclave of county captains, and, while his office continues, which is until the end of it, his word is absolutely law. The only person entitled to reconsider his verdict is himself, which he can do in certain circumstances. A tremendous responsibility, therefore, rests upon this class of official. Let me enumerate some of his duties.

Firstly, if it is left to the umpires by the captains of the opposing teams, they have to decide whether the ground is fit for play. Then, when play commences, they have to determine whether it is being conducted in accordance with the rules; for example, whether a bowler's action is fair, and whether, knowingly or not, he is doing anything to give himself adventitious assistance. One recalls the case of a bowler who was no-balled for wearing a fingerstall on account of a cut finger, for in this instance the umpire considered that by this means an illegitimate spin was being imparted to the ball. The umpire, again, has to decide whether the bowler's deliveries are fair or within reach of the batsman, and whether catches have been properly made without contact with the ground, or from some part of the batsman's body, instead of his bat, or hand.

Very difficult interpretations of the rules become necessary sometimes. One came to my notice the other day. An umpire no-balled a bowler's delivery, and the batsman, leaving his ground to hit the ball, missed it as it swung away. One of the slips stopped it and promptly threw the wicket down, the batsman being given "run out." This decision seems to me entirely wrong, as had the ball gone to the wicketkeeper the batsman could not have been run out unless he had hit it first or had attempted to run, and I am told that there has been a lot of argument since whether the umpire was correct or not in giving the batsman out.

Then there was the old-time case of a batsman who got a ball lodged in his pads after hitting it, and ran all round the ground with the field pursuing him until the ball became dislodged. I remember the same thing happening about nine years ago to a young Hampshire professional named Pothecary. He, however, did not display the same readiness in an emergency, or perhaps he distrusted his own sprinting powers, for he stood in his crease and allowed the ball to be fished out by the wicketkeeper, and was then given out by the umpire. This rule, however, has now been altered, and the ball is dead if it becomes lodged in the pads.

Undoubtedly the most difficult decisions, however, arise in connection with the l.b.w. rule, and catches at the wicket. Has any batsman ever lived who was satisfied at being given out l.b.w.?

An umpire's medical examination is practically as stiff as that for the Royal Navy. Not only must all his five senses be in perfect condition, but those of sight and hearing must be actually above the normal.

This is easily accountable for when one considers that umpires must be able to distinguish almost infallibly between the noise of a ball striking a bat, pad, or pad strap, because eyesight in such cases is not always quick enough to see the actual contact made by the ball.

Umpires are nearly all old county cricketers who have been bred to the game practically from childhood and regard this continued association with it in their declining years as the best possible fate. Those who are not umpires, whether or not they are active participants in the game, may possibly feel some astonishment at this attitude of mind, however praiseworthy they think it may be.

But, of course, we should be amazingly grateful to our umpires. What on earth should we do without them? We should be reduced to settling the finer points of the game by *bataille à l'outrance* on the field!

The invention of the institution of umpiring is a tribute to the sense of fair play and compromise inherent in the British race. We Britishers realise that perfection is impossible in this world and that mistakes must be made, but it saves trouble though, we think, if we appoint persons to make them for us and to cast a halo of sanctity around them.

However much we grouse at umpires in our moments of irritation, we secretly revere them and their office. They are certainly worthy of reverence. Think of a first-class match lasting three days, and, in the case of international encounters, four, five, or even six days.

It is hard enough work for the teams actually playing, but they have their moments of respite. Indeed, if their own side is making a large score, players are able to sit at ease for hours together. The umpire, however, is on the field from start to finish. He must stand the whole time and watch the game, his attention must be fully concentrated, and his every sense on the alert. When appealed to, he must not only make up his mind without showing uncertainty, but also with extreme promptitude. He has often difficult decisions to make, and occasionally, ones which he knows will bring criticisms on his head, or even be the cause of unpleasant discussion among friends.

It is, of course, not the thing to do, but cricketers have been known to demur publicly the decisions of umpires. When a batsman or a bowler obviously shows his dissatisfaction with an umpire's decision, it is decidedly not a pleasant moment for the man who is doing his best without fear or favour.

All honour, then, to the class of man who, by a mixture of tact and firmness of mind, manages to mollify the outraged susceptibilities of his victims.

THE GOOD GAME

If the dawn breaks red on the morrow,
And the dark cloud follows the flame;
If the storm bursts over the wicket,
To-day I have played my game.

And the worst of the world can't change it,
Though the rest be anger and woe.
I have had my happiest innings,
And now it is time to go.

I have forced them hard to the covers,
I have cut them perilous thin,
I have hit and taken my chances,
And now it's the next man in.

In the gloom I vanish, forgotten,
And the cloud-wrack covers my name,
As it covers the old, worn creases,
The marks of my last good game.

G. D. Martineau.

The art of not voting

Politicians pay no attention to persons whose votes are pledged. If you require attention you should keep your vote in your pocket and only give it in return for a definite promise.

Thousands of people are disgusted that the remnants of DORA remain with us 10 years after the war. Many of these disgruntled persons will not vote for any Government that will not quickly bury the decrepit old lady.

Many more thousands—especially in Scotland—will not vote for any Government that will not rectify the admittedly unfair tax on Scotch Whisky which is improperly restricting the Home section of a fine British Industry. 8/5½d. tax per bottle is a grossly unfair tax. It means that

PROHIBITION HAS BEEN IMPOSED ON ALL BUT WELL-TO-DO PEOPLE

This movement to "hold-up" votes is spreading all over the country. It is the only method available of expressing discontent in an effective manner. We who continue fighting for an abatement of the Whisky duty wish this movement success. You should help us by demanding HAIG WHISKY by its name. It is on sale all over the world.

No finer Whisky goes into any bottle

Haig

WHISKY

THE WHISKY OF THE EMPIRE

POLO NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Empire Cup Match

I HAD expected to see a great crowd at Hurlingham for the first struggle for the Empire Cup, a trophy presented by the Prince of Wales for competition among teams from different parts of the Empire. Only two sides competed this year, Ireland nominating a team to oppose the Hurlingham Club four. To all intents and purposes this was an International match, taking the place of the game which used to be regularly fought out for the Patriotic Cup. Considering that polo of the best class was to be expected, the attendance at Hurlingham struck me as being decidedly disappointing. Possibly this was because the match took place on the afternoon when Eton and Harrow were finishing their desperate struggle at Lord's. Another reason may have been that insufficient publicity had been given to the Hurlingham attraction.

A Royal Enthusiast

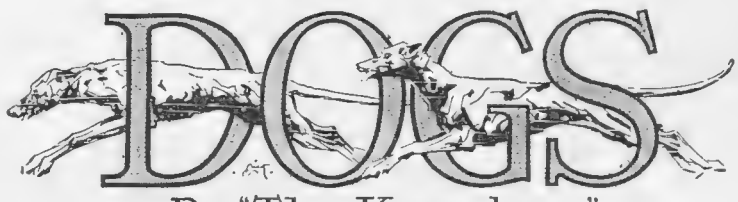
THE match had not been long in progress when the King of Spain quietly took his seat in the pavilion and followed the struggle with obvious interest. Later in the afternoon His Majesty went over to Roehampton and witnessed a good galloping game in which the Duke of Peñeranda and the Marquis of Villabragima were engaged. The latter was only an ordinary match, but a fillip was given to it by the fact that King Alfonso announced on his arrival that he would give prizes to the winners. This had the effect of turning it into a ding-dong fight, the pace being keen throughout. During his stay in England the King of Spain must have watched at least a dozen polo matches, and his fondness for the game is evidently undiminished. It was regretted that the Prince of Wales found it impossible to get to Hurlingham to see the match for his Cup, which, at his request, was subsequently presented by Sir Harold Snagge, the chairman of the Hurlingham Club.

A Great Back

THE honour of receiving it fell to the Hurlingham side, which had been admirably captained by Major Jack Harrison. It seems something of an anomaly to state that a player of his long experience and high standing has enhanced his reputation during the present season. But I am bound to say that in the various big matches in which I have seen Major Harrison take part this summer he has surpassed himself. I do not think it possible to name a better back in British polo to-day. A curious thing is that he had never been selected to play for England against America. I suppose the idea has been that a player of his exceptional weight would be too slow for the fierceness of International polo, but lack of pace has certainly not handicapped him this season. In the game for the Empire Cup his defence was admirable. He appeared to be always in the right place, and he hit the ball with greater accuracy than any other player on the field. He is a past-master in the art of directing the ball out of the danger zone when his side is being hard pressed.

Attack Shattered

HE was splendidly supported at Hurlingham by Captain Charles Tremayne. I have never seen this player to better advantage. He and his ponies appeared to revel in the hard ground, and he got an exceptional length on the ball. Thanks to this notable defence the Irish team never got properly going. Both Major T. W. Kirkwood and Colonel Dennis Bingham are brilliant players on their day, but the almost impregnable defence of Harrison and Tremayne proved too much for them. Captain C. T. I. Roark and Mr. John Traill formed Ireland's back division. The former occupied a position in which he has seldom been seen this season and did not prove nearly so effective as he usually is when playing at No. 2. Mr. Traill frequently went up into the game to assist his forwards, but Ireland found it difficult to score goals, and in the end were soundly beaten by 7 to 2.



By "The Kennelman"

THIS holiday season is a mighty busy time for Dog fanciers, and excitement runs high in the kennels that house champions. The veterans have to be kept carefully up to the mark, for an off-colour day in the kennels may mean a disappointing change in the colour of award cards at coming shows. And the novices have to be schooled carefully (apart from their health and condition) so that they may display, as well as feel, the Kruschen feeling in the hour of judgment. The youngster never taught to stand to attention like a guardsman and move across a ring at the word of command like a thoroughbred cannot do himself justice in competition with better educated rivals.

There are Shows to-day (Wednesday) at Cardiff and Derby, and to-morrow at Lowestoft, Tiverton, and Newport (Salop). Of the important Shows due next month fully thirteen will be benched and fed by Spillers, whose motor caravans for the display of Dog foods and supplies generally are just now attracting attention from John o' Groats to Land's End—a notable innovation. The thirteen Shows include, during August's first week, Henley, Cheltenham, Minehead, and Newport (Mon.), and, later in the month, Birmingham, Harrogate, Barnstaple, Rhyl, Truro, Ryde (I.O.W.), Worcester, Whitehaven, and Dundee. The staff work has to be pretty good where a single organisation provides bed and board to satisfy the owners of canine champions, thousands of 'em, all up and down the country, several times a week and all the year round. Of late years this Dog catering has become a tremendous business, and Spillers' laboratories and cooking establishments suggest Great War commissariat in their complex bigness and the continuous research, analysis, and experimentation behind them. Fanciers have of late achieved more understanding than they ever had in the old days of all that lies behind the old saying, "The breed goes in at the mouth." Knowing that everything else depends on dietary, they rightly demand nothing less than the best, and insist on getting it. Second-rate Dog-food is really an extravagance.

Will doggy readers oversea please note that sending inquiries about quarantine regulations to "The Kennelman" involves delays sometimes fatal to their convenience. The official forms must be filled in, and so time is saved by applying direct from oversea to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, 4, Whitehall Place, S.W.1. Any attempt to evade the regulations is futile and unsporting; futile because pretty certain to bring expensive failure; unsporting because causing unfair risk for all Dogs and Dog-owners in this country in the matter of harassing restrictions, not to mention danger for us all in the matter of rabies.

Talk of vitamins and "Eat More Fruit" slogans seem greatly to have exercised the minds of Dog-owners, and to bring many inquiries regarding fruit and vegetables as doggy dietary. The central fact remains that the Dog is an essentially carnivorous animal. The proportions of dates and other wholesome fruits that after prolonged research have been introduced into such excellent Dog-foods as Sippets, give them special value. Dog-owners can easily prove this for themselves, as "The Kennelman" has done, by using Sippets. Nothing but disaster will attend any effort to make Dogs vegetarian or fruitarian; because their digestive systems are not built that way. They need concentrated and *hard* food, which they can crush and gnaw and tear. It is rather as medicine than as food, for the balancing and improvement of diet in weakly, backward, or diseased Dogs, that really valuable use can be made of, for example, orange juice.

TO ALL MEN

UNDER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD!

July, 1928

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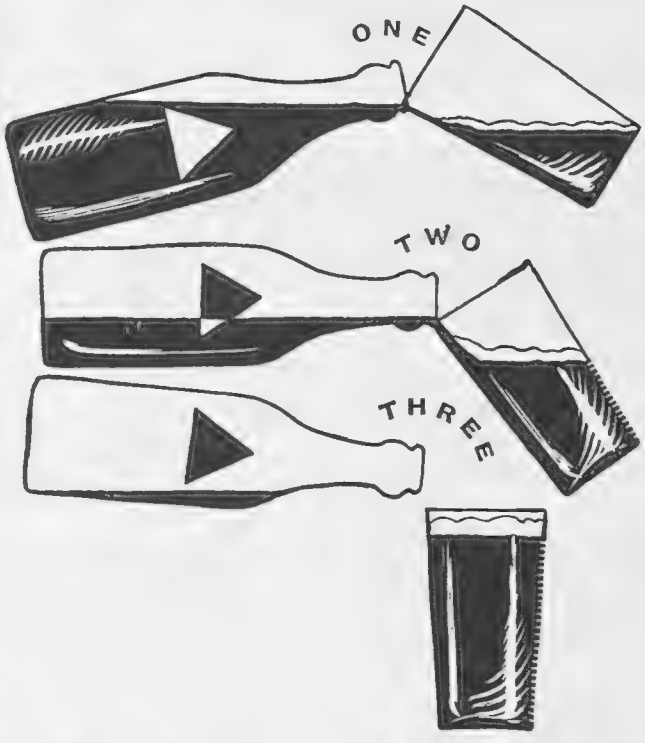

ONE
Hold the bottle steady against lip of glass

TWO
Let the beer trickle gently down the slope

THREE
Tilt the bottle no more than shown here

And there's your Bass—Bass amber clear. Bass at its very best and brightest. Always pour Bass————like this!

ALWAYS POUR *Bass*—LIKE THIS!

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

Highest or Lowest of Partner's Suit

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Last week I referred briefly to the correct opening lead against a No Trumper when holding three or four of your partner's suit.

Should you lead the highest or the lowest?

The rule adopted by the majority of players in this country is that you should lead always the highest of his suit from three. When you hold four, opinions differ, but I think the balance is in favour of leading the highest. With five or more the fourth best should undoubtedly be led for obvious reasons.

But in America expert opinion is against the lead of the highest from three if headed by any of the top honours—Ace, King, Queen or Jack. In this case you should, they say, always lead the lowest.

There is a good deal to be said on both sides. On the one hand, experience teaches undoubtedly that the lead of the highest is of inestimable advantage to the Declarer. Sometimes it gives him two tricks in the suit where he might only make one. Or the knowledge that the highest card will be led gives him a guard in the suit which he might not have.

Take this case: Z bids "One No Trump"; A and Y "No Bid"; B "Two Spades"; Z "Two No Trumps"; all pass.

Z has a good No Trumper, but his guard in Spades is only Queen and two little ones. A, who has the first lead, holds S.—K, 5, 2. So long as he leads the King, Z's Queen is safe. But suppose he leads the 2 and B puts up the Ace (holding Ace, Jack, 10, etc.), and returns the Jack, Z's Queen is killed.

That is one aspect, and it is easy to recall other positions where the lead of the highest undoubtedly favours the Declarer. This is particularly the case when leader holds Queen, x, x, and Declarer King, Jack, x. By the lead of the Queen Declarer makes two tricks in the suit when he might make only one.

So emphatic is Mr. Milton Work in his insistence on the benefit of the lead of the lowest of three, that he states, since the lead has become conventional in the United States, "I have seen it save dozens of games, and never seen it cost a single trick *when intelligently used.*"

On the other side there are several objections, in my opinion, to leading the lowest of three. First of all, your partner often cannot tell if you are leading from a singleton or a doubleton in the suit. This applies particularly when the card led is a small one, but it also applies when you lead a fairly high card. Suppose, for instance, you hold Queen, 8, 7 and lead the 7, your partner may not be able to tell that you are leading the lowest of three, and may think the 8 and the Queen are both in the Declarer's hand and play accordingly. Then there is always the risk of blocking your partner's suit or failing to establish it early.

A further disadvantage is that when you lead the lowest of three, your partner, even if he suspects you hold an honour, is probably quite in the dark as to your holding. He may not be able to tell what honour you possess. To puzzle your partner, especially in the early stages of the game, is bad. You want to make things easy for him. Often it is better to give away a trick to Declarer than to leave your partner in doubt as to where the high cards of his suit lie.

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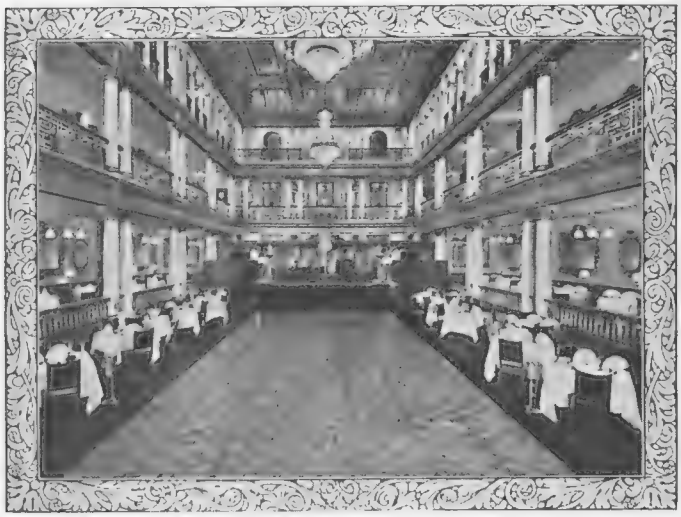

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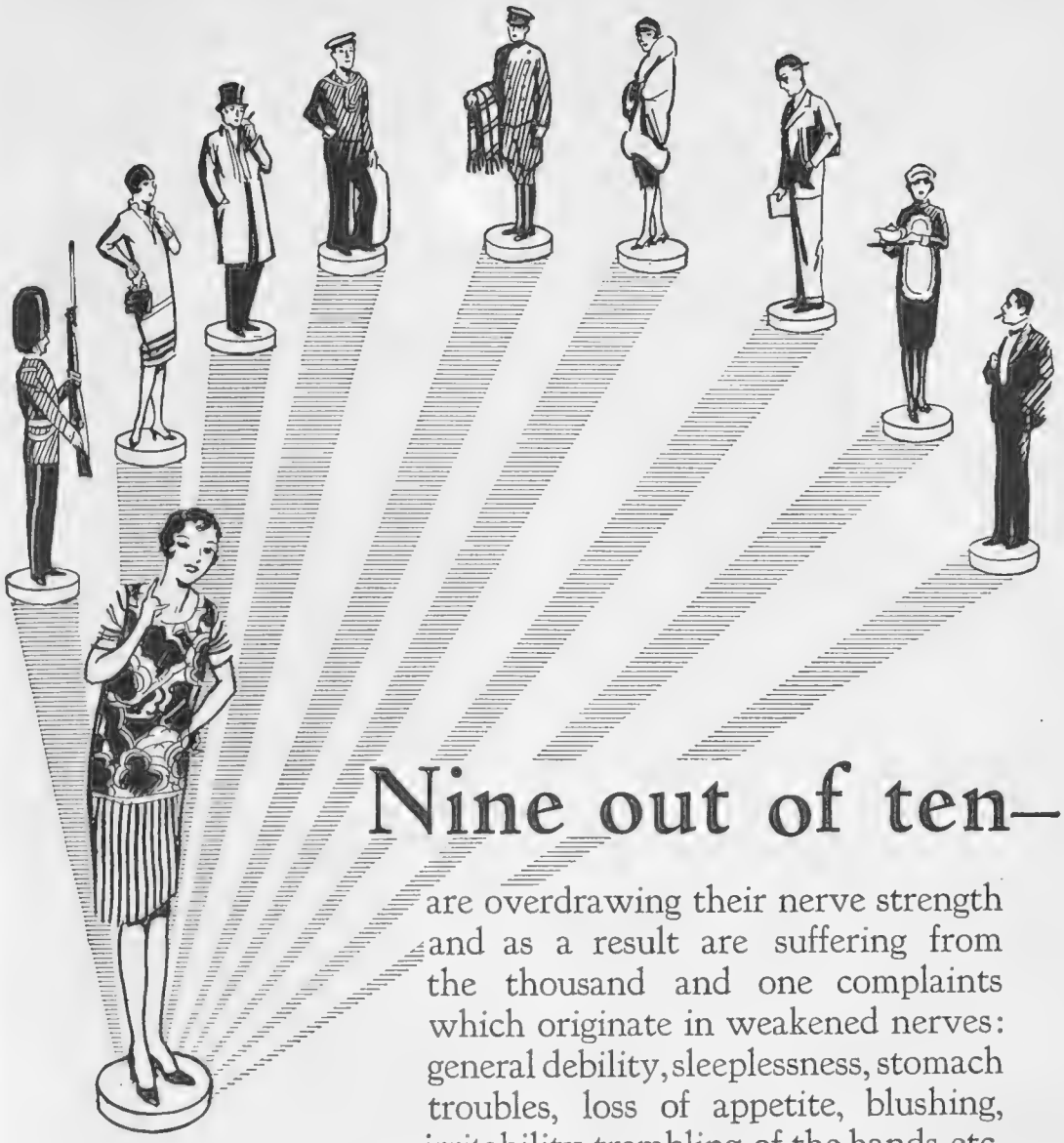

Nine out of ten—

are overdrawing their nerve strength and as a result are suffering from the thousand and one complaints which originate in weakened nerves: general debility, sleeplessness, stomach troubles, loss of appetite, blushing, irritability, trembling of the hands, etc.

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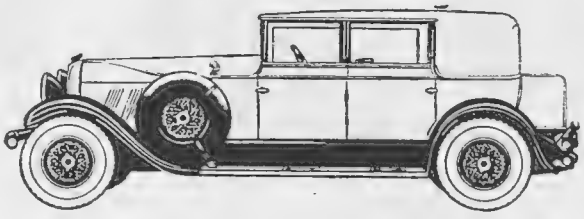
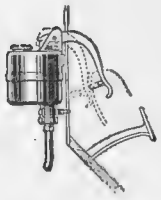
The Car of ALL the Merits

ALL good cars have some good points, but no other car made to-day is marked by quite such a combination of merits as the Auburn. Take, for instance, that driver's daily bugbear, chassis lubrication. On the Auburn depressing one pedal positively forces oil into every moving part on the chassis. Only two other cars are fully fitted with this system—the Rolls-Royce and the Packard.

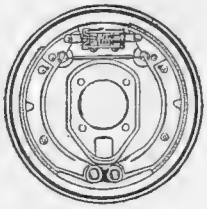


One of the many Auburn Body styles. The new demountable, all-weather Phæton—the first time such a body has been made a standard model.



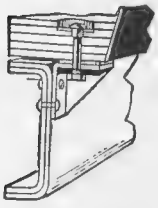
The Bijur chassis lubricating system, oiling 21 points on the chassis by the pressure of one pedal.

Take the braking system. Hydraulic internal-expanding four wheel brakes are definitely proved to be by far the most efficient, but they must be self-adjusting and they must be protected from wet. Otherwise, whenever your car is washed there is danger of your brakes slipping. Only the most expensive cars are so fitted. One very well-known maker, for instance, gives this protection only to his largest and dearest model. Yet every Auburn, even the Model 76 Roadster at £465, has this great advantage.



Completely protected internal expanding Lockheed hydraulic four wheel brakes.

What is it that wears out a body most rapidly, causes rattles and squeaks, and robs motoring of its real comfort? Vibration of the frame! Only one car in the world has a frame which cannot "shimmy" and "dither" — the Auburn. The Auburn is the first car to be fitted with a double, laminated frame which absorbs the inevitable vibration and cannot transmit it to the body. Every good car will follow this principle in time.



Double laminated shimmy proof frame with anti-squeak body mounting.

Given a perfect engine, light and responsive steering is the next factor in driving comfort. Every Auburn is fitted with the patented self-correcting Ross Steering gear. Few cars at any price have this gear. What is probably the best, and certainly one of the dearest, Continental cars is just adopting it.

And then comes springing. What other car has rear springs as long as 5ft.? Yet it is an axiom that the longer the springs the greater the ease. Nor do the Auburns rest content with long springs. Every model is equipped with four Lovejoy *Hydraulic* shock absorbers, hitherto the luxury of only the most expensive cars.

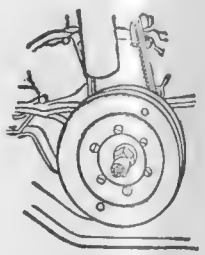
The special steering system gives remarkable ease with perfect safety.

These are just four points of Auburn supremacy which even the non-technical can appreciate. If you are interested in technicalities, let us send you details of Auburn's wonderful Lycoming motor with its dual carburation and manifolding, its Lanchester balancer, Bohnalite aluminium Invar Steel Strut Pistons, its new type carburettor, now just being fitted by one other car, the famous racing Bugatti, and the many other points which give power, silence, long life and speed.

Unusually long springs combined with the famous Lovejoy shock absorbers to smooth out road shocks.

But, in any event, be sure to examine and try an Auburn as soon as you can. It will be a revelation and an education to you.

May we send you details of the three models and the wide range of bodywork? Prices from £425 to £870.



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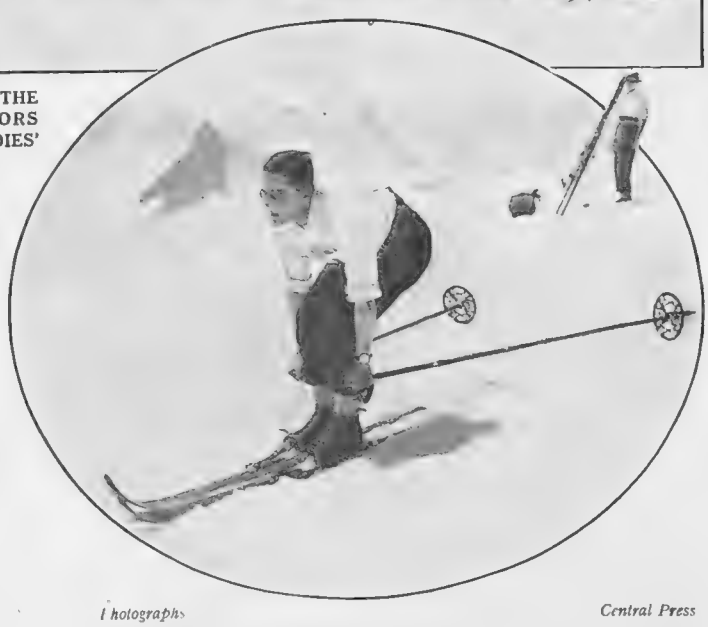
VISCOUNT BORODALE, THE NAVAL SON OF EARL BEATTY

SOME OF THE COMPETITORS IN THE LADIES' RACE

An Alpine Ski Meeting in Midsummer

The annual midsummer ski meeting at the Jungfraujoch in the Bernese Oberland attracted a considerable number of competitors and visitors. The Jungfraujoch, which is 11,500 feet above the sea, is the highest point in Europe reached by railway



Photographs *Central Press*

MR. GASPARD PONSONBY RUNNING DOWN THE SLOPE

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

A NEW book by Marion Cran will give pleasure to many people with small gardens of their own. In *The Joy of the Ground* (Jenkins: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) there is both personal adventure and garden lore; a quiet backwatery sort of book, which begins with a red periwinkle's curious story to excite your curiosity and continues with all sorts of little adventures which can come only to those who love flowers and trees and old houses. Incidentally, I was interested to find mention of that curious affair of the musk. When I was a boy musk had a scent which was like no other scent in the world, and then one day I found that it had no scent at all. I blamed my own nose until somebody else discovered the same thing. And to-day musk still refuses to have any scent at all. Why? Nobody knows. An odd business. One day, perhaps, Mrs. Cran will write a fairy story about it. She should certainly be able to do so.

❋

MISS PAMELA FRANKAU'S second novel, *The Fig Tree* (Hurst and Blackett: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), would seem to possess all the ingredients which generally go to the making of a popular success. In the modern way it is cheerfully outspoken, and there is plenty of love. There is a little London house which, without being precisely haunted, has the most peculiar effect upon the people who live in it. There is one scene of exciting melodrama, and there is the most delightful account of the founding of a new monthly magazine. The writing is a little odd in places, and one seems to have met most of the people before, but they are painted in deftly and clearly, and I suppose that some houses do appear sometimes to be behaving like human beings. Certainly a most readable book.

❋

EVERY few months you read a novel in which somebody suddenly becomes horribly and unnaturally rich, and somehow or other you can hardly help being more or less thrilled. It would be so very pleasant if you became horribly and unnaturally rich yourself. Also, of course, sudden riches allow the novelist good scope for an exciting yarn. Mr. George Blake in his *Paper Money* (Constable, 7*s.* 6*d.* net) tells the story of a Glasgow merchant who became nearly a millionaire in the War, but he is not writing melodrama, and his history of the Faed family has few excitements. On the other hand, it reads like the truth. It shows you exactly what must have happened to more than one family during those curious days. Faed himself is forced by his wife to climb the social ladder. He does not lose his money—I confess I expected him to do so—but he loses something else of much greater importance, and therein is to be found the real drama. Mr. Blake is a really good writer. He makes you understand and sympathise with every one of his characters. He never exaggerates, and he tells you things in his own way. His book is most interesting from first page to last.

"THE FIRST BORN"

Miles Mander and Madeline Carroll in a charming domestic scene from "The First Born," Miles Mander's first production for Gainsborough Pictures. Madeline Carroll is one of the most promising of the younger film actresses

SIR ARTHUR M. DUCKHAM, K.C.B.

Who has recently been appointed leader of the Mission to Australia, which, among other matters, proposes to confer with the Commonwealth and State Governments, with the Development and Migration Commission and with leaders of industry and commerce in Australia on the development of Australian resources and on any matters of mutual interest to Great Britain and the Commonwealth

YOU must read Philip Macer-Wright's new book, *Knee Deep in Daisies* (Benn: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Here you will find no "love interest," no thrilling dramas, no mysteries, and no complicated plot. But you will meet one of the most delightful old boys who has ever strayed into fiction. Major Wodell, of the Carbine Club (and Kensington Gardens) adores little children of both sexes, and does his best to amuse them—sometimes with deplorable results to himself. His adventures are quite magnificent, and it does not much matter what sort of child it is whom he is trying to entertain. Here, indeed, is something refreshingly new, and I warmly recommend the book to all and sundry.

❋

THE author of the Robot and Insect plays, Karel Capek, has been "getting his own back" on the theatrical managers and producers and stage-carpenters and actresses and dressers who have made life a misery for him during rehearsals. *How a Play is Produced* (Blès: 5*s.* net) gives you a diverting peep behind the scenes, and I can vouch for it that he does not exaggerate the absurd things that go on before that nerve racking first night. Fortunately for himself, M. Capek has a keen sense of humour, and his satire is good natured. Even a real, live producer, I imagine, will forgive him for saying that if he, the producer, had his way and were allowed to produce the really perfect play the actors and the dramatist could both be eliminated with advantage.

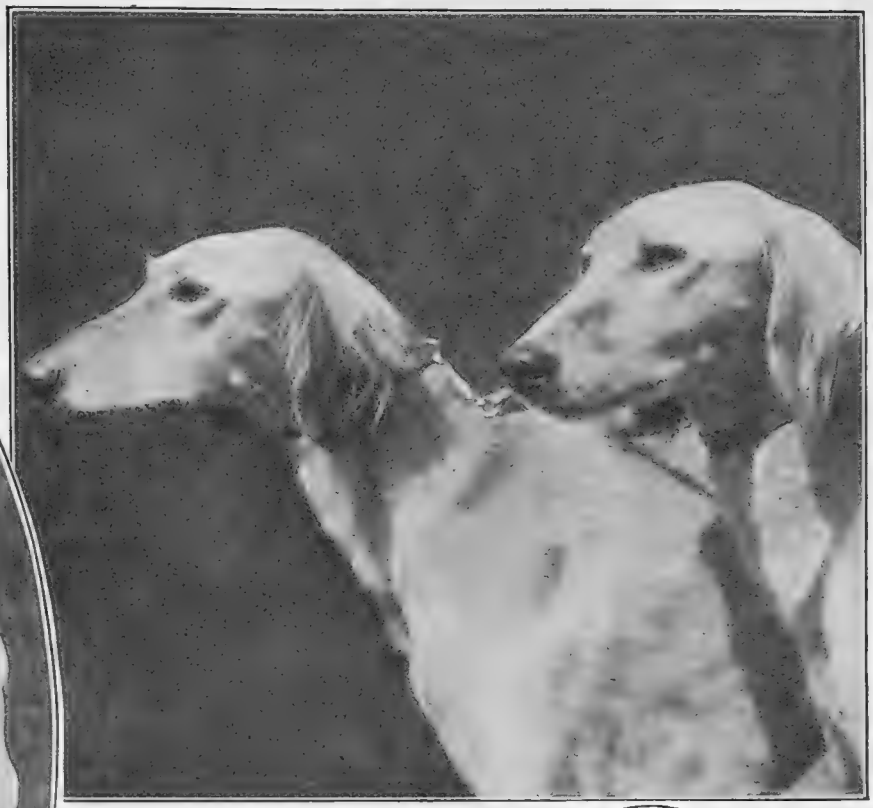
R. S.

DRAYCOTT DELL, whose first book was a novelised version of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, has written another novel, called *Secrets of Society* (Mills and Boon: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), which is based on the play by Walter Ellis, now running at the St. James's Theatre. Unlike most of the novels whose plots are taken from plays, Mr. Dell's story does not begin with the first scene of the first act, but shows you the character of the chief figure long before the action of the play begins. It is all very pleasantly done, and those who have seen Miss Gracie Fields as Sir Gerald du Maurier's chief lady in *S O S* should not miss reading the book.

❋

I USUALLY fight shy of books about food and the places where it may be obtained, but I make an exception in the case of Miss Eileen Hooton-Smith's *The Restaurants of London* (Knopf: 3*s.* 6*d.*). All the chief restaurants come in for notice, but beside the good things they supply, the writer has much to say of their history and of the general philosophy of eating.

A "Dog Day" at Tattersall's



Central Press

THE HON. FLORENCE AMHERST'S AMHERSTIA DIK'HAN AND AMHERSTIA RAIS

There were as many as two hundred and fifty-six entries for the recent Show at Tattersall's, Knightsbridge, of the Saluki, or Gazelle, Hound Club. The Show was held in aid of the Royal Veterinary College Rebuilding Fund, and among the entries were nearly a hundred of the finest Salukis in Great Britain

Express

MISS BINNIE HALE WITH A PAIR OF SALUKI PUPPIES

Sport and General

MISS MIMI CRAWFORD WITH MRS. LANCE'S SALUKIS

Photopress

LADY ASHBURTON WITH HER ENTRANT

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

A SURREY CROSSROADS

One of the most popular cars with lady owners is the Lea-Francis 1½-litre Hyper-Sports, super-charged model fitted with elegant fabric saloon coachwork. The photograph shows one of these attractive models with two lady motoring enthusiasts at a cross-roads in Surrey

THE exhibition of Daimler engine and chassis parts which has been staged at many of the leading provincial cities is now established at Hendon as a permanency. Its object is to educate owner-drivers and chauffeurs in the mechanism of Daimler cars, and particularly of parts such as the braking, that require a certain amount of attention from time to time. The existence of this technical exhibition has given the Daimler Company a unique opportunity of getting into personal touch with a large number of chauffeurs who are in charge of Daimler cars, and in very many cases the visit of a chauffeur to the exhibition has resulted in his being recommended for the award of the Daimler Chauffeur's Proficiency Badge and Certificate, which, be it noted, is only issued to chauffeurs in private service with Daimler owners.

***

ANOTHER feature of Daimler service is that the charges for carrying out the ordinary operations of routine maintenance, such as lubricating chassis details, etc., are now fixed. They are very reasonable, and the work can be carried out at any Daimler depot. Arrangements are in progress for the same facilities to be available in all the principal towns throughout the country. A list of the charges is given in the latest Daimler instruction book.

***

OWING to the initiative of the A.A. and the various national clubs, the principle of allowing British motoring tourists four months' exemption from motor taxes has now been adopted by the Governments of Spain, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. In several of these countries the concession is already in force, in others the necessary arrangements are being made for its introduction. It is of a reciprocal nature, British motorists being allowed the benefit because the British Government has for many years granted exemption from the motor vehicle tax to all visiting motorists whose stay in Great Britain does not exceed four months. Italy grants exemption for three months, but this is not based on reciprocity.

***

ONE-MAKE meetings and fêtes are becoming quite a feature of the motoring season. The most recent one I have been to was the Lagonda event at

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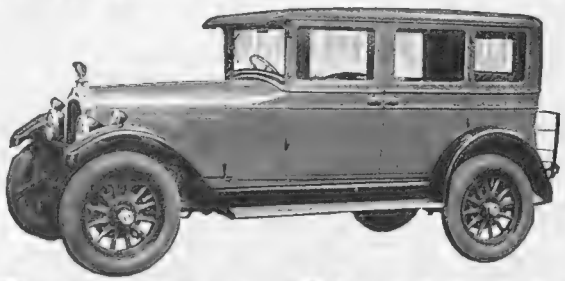

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FLYING THE ATLANTIC

Nine years ago

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Her Majesty the Queen.		H.M. the King of Sweden.	
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.		H.I.H. the Emperor of Japan.	
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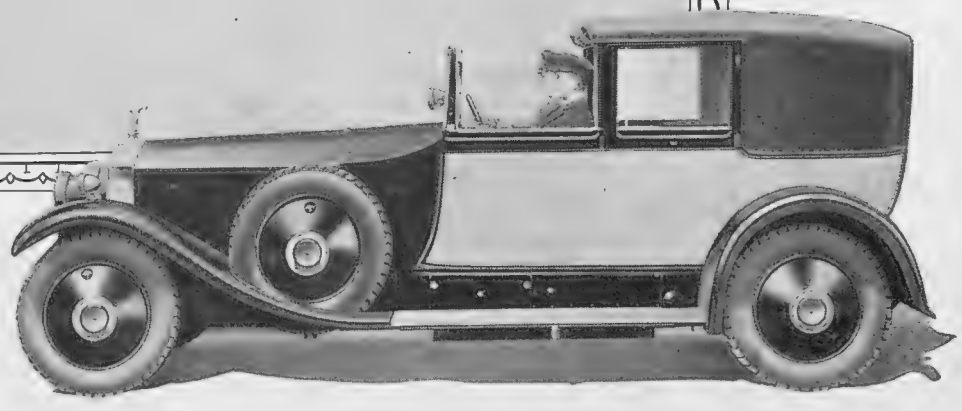
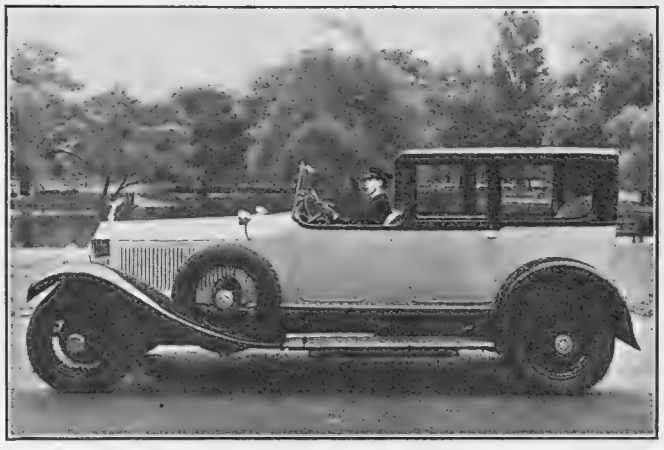
H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.		H.I.M. the Shah of Persia.	

54, ST. JAMES'S ST., PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1.



Kennington Service.



A HANDSOME MODEL

A "Hooper" Town Limousine on a New Phantom Rolls-Royce chassis, recently supplied to Señor Juan Manuel Sanchez. The car is painted cream and black and upholstered in cloth. Olive wood and ebony are used for the interior woodwork, in conjunction with silver and ivory fittings

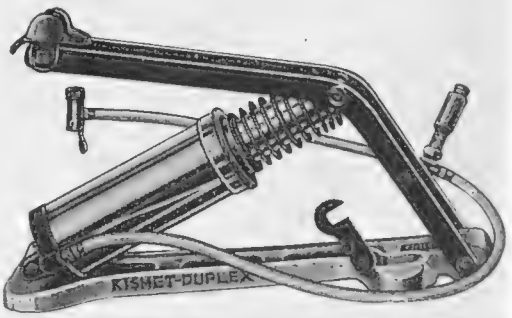
Brooklands, when a complete programme of racing and other competitions was carried through by a large concourse of private owners with cars of this make. Most of them were of the newer 14-60 h.p. four-cylinder model, but there was one event confined to the well-known 12-24 h.p. which ceased production some three or four years ago. The racing was well arranged, most of the competitors finishing close together. One of the most interesting competitions was a flexibility race, in which the last man past the post was the winner. No braking or clutch slipping was allowed, and Mr. Whitehead, the winner, was so slow that the marshals were easily able to walk beside his car—a remarkable tribute to the slow running properties of the Lagonda, which has a comparatively high-compression sports type of engine. The challenge cup presented by Lagonda agents, who were there in force from all over the country, to the owner of the car which compiled the largest number of marks during the day, was won by Miss I. Monckton.

***

Lovers of Sussex will be glad to know that a pocket guide to the county has been compiled by one of the most readable writers on the subject, namely, Mr. S. E. Winbolt, M.A., who has written so much on Roman Britain and has been responsible for much excavation of historical sites An excellent feature of the new book is the illustrations by Edgar and Winifred Ward, the famous camera artists, whose landscape work is so well known. Mr. S. E. Winbolt's delightful style makes the new book very different from the usual form of guide. It is published by G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., of York House, Portugal Street, W.C.2.

***

In addition to the famous detailed routes which the touring department of the R.A.C. works out for members, the Club issues a very complete series of local route books. These include day and half-day trips for motorists from various centres—of which eighty are now available—the "What to See" booklets, and the R.A.C. County Road Maps and Guide. With the customary route and touring information supplied by the R.A.C., and the appropriate local guides covering the district to be visited, it is possible for a motorist to tour any portion of Great Britain without any trouble to himself and with the certainty of seeing everything of interest in the particular district covered. E. M. Wright.



THE KISMET DUPLEX FOOT PUMP

Which is a great boon to motorists. It is made by William Turner and Brother, Ltd., of 44, Eyre Lane, Sheffield, and the standard model is sold at 58s. 6d.

EFFICIENCY with ELEGANCE

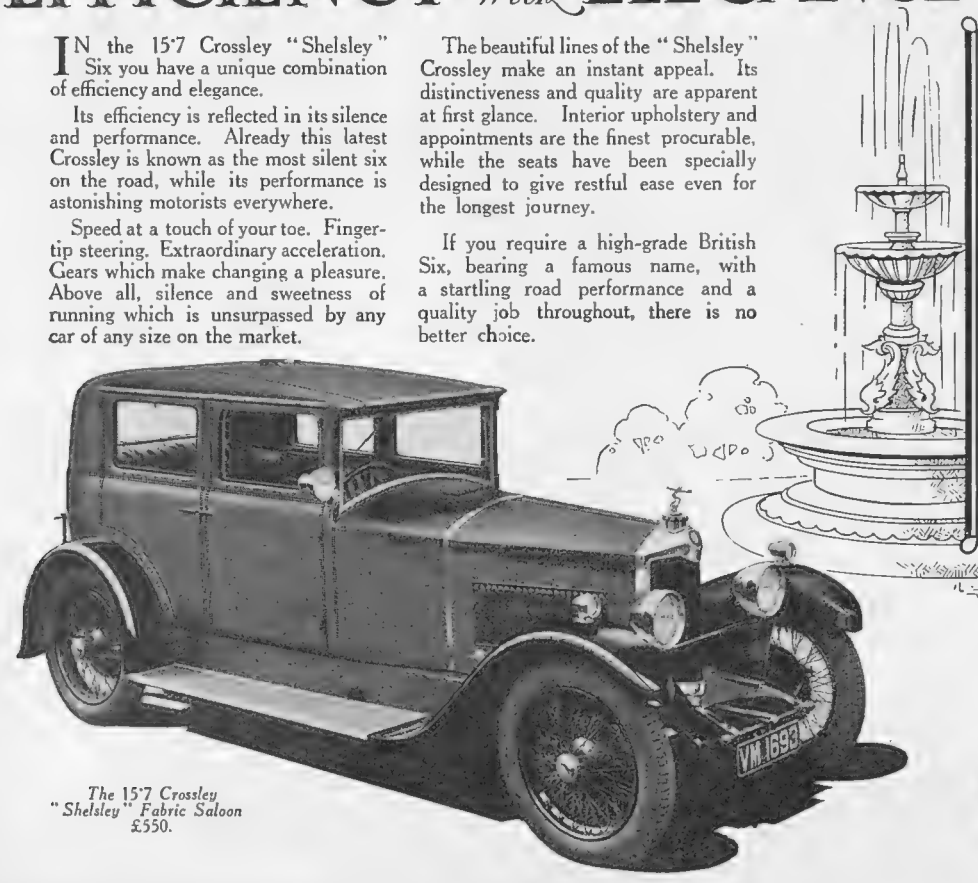
In the 15·7 Crossley "Shelsley" Six you have a unique combination of efficiency and elegance.

Its efficiency is reflected in its silence and performance. Already this latest Crossley is known as the most silent six on the road, while its performance is astonishing motorists everywhere.

Speed at a touch of your toe. Finger-tip steering. Extraordinary acceleration. Gears which make changing a pleasure. Above all, silence and sweetness of running which is unsurpassed by any car of any size on the market.

The beautiful lines of the "Shelsley" Crossley make an instant appeal. Its distinctiveness and quality are apparent at first glance. Interior upholstery and appointments are the finest procurable, while the seats have been specially designed to give restful ease even for the longest journey.

If you require a high-grade British Six, bearing a famous name, with a startling road performance and a quality job throughout, there is no better choice.



The 15·7 Crossley "Shelsley" Fabric Saloon £550.

PRICES:

15·7 "Shelsley" Model

Fabric Saloon £550

Equipment includes: Mascot. Dipping headlight reflectors. Companions. Electric horn. Bulb horn. Roof light. Roof ventilator. Ash trays. Spot light. Carpets. Illuminated instrument board carrying speedometer, oil gauge, clock, ammeter, etc. Petrol gauge. Kit of tools, including jack, tyre pump and oil gun. Inspection lamp under bonnet. Luggage carrier. Spare wheel with tyre.

Coachbuilt Saloon £575

Enclosed Limousine £595

20·9 h.p. and Super Six.

Super Six Fabric Saloon £795

(including dipping headlights, spot light, luggage trunk with suit cases, spring gaiters, step mats, automatic windscreen wiper, driving mirror, wireless cigar lighter, ash trays, companions, rear blind operated from driver's seat).

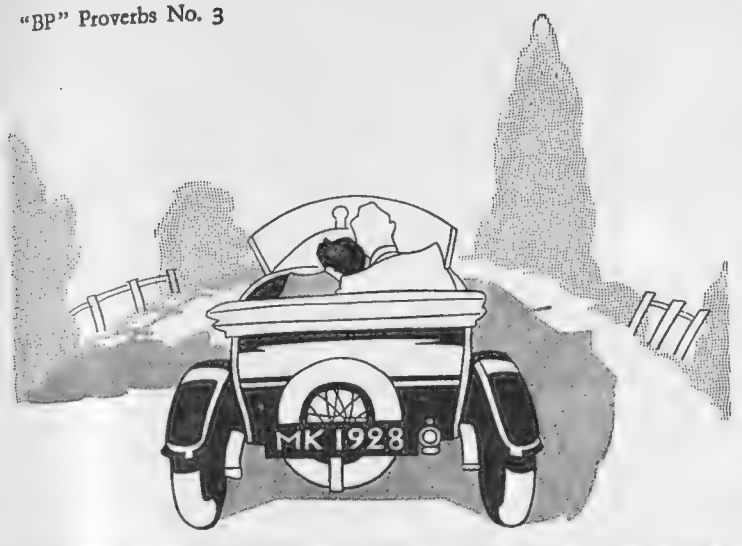
20·9 h.p. Models.

Touring Car £675
Fabric Saloon £720
"Aero" Saloon £750
Saloon de Luxe £795
Short Wheelbase Enc. Limousine £820
"Canberra" Enc. Limousine .. £875
Enclosed Landaulette £895

The 15·7 H.P. Crossley SIX

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD, MANCHESTER, and 20 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1.

"BP" Proverbs No. 3



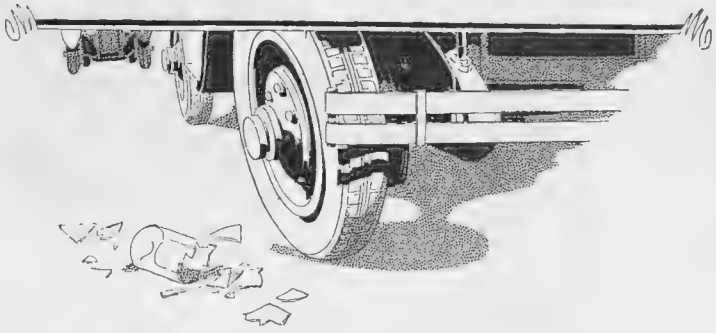
"IT'S A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING"

BUT EVEN THE LONGEST LANE IS NEVER MONOTONOUS WHEN TRAVELLING WITH THE RIGHT SPIRIT—USE

"BP"

THE ESPRIT DE CARS

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD
British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2
Distributing Organization



How carefully you avoid BROKEN GLASS

You fear a rent tyre. But what about your face, your sight, perhaps your life? A bill from the surgeon is more serious than one from the garage. And yet you run the risk of hideous injury by neglecting an obvious and easy precaution. The risk of ordinary glass for windscreen and windows.

The slightest shock on the chassis and ordinary glass is shattered. An object may strike the windscreen and flying splinters are the cause of awful mutilation.

You can safeguard yourself by fitting Triplex Glass. The severest shock cannot shatter Triplex, it is unsplinterable under any conditions. So often has this been proved that you cannot afford to refuse the protection it offers.

Fit Triplex Glass to the car you own. Insist on Triplex for the windscreen and windows of the car you are buying. Triplex Glass is your *practical insurance* against injury.

Fit TRIPLEX -and be safe

Shatter-proof X XX Splinter-proof

This announcement has been submitted to and approved by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS CO., LTD., 1, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.1.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST *Sasha*

Who is anything but a "passenger" in "Passing Brompton Road," the new farce by Jevan Brandon-Thomas in which she is appearing at the Criterion Theatre. As the designing climber who hopes to reach the exclusive circles of Society, via the Divorce Court, Miss Tempest is as piquantly amusing as only she can be

Femina

ODDS AND ENDS

By "CANDIDA"

DOWN goes the curtain on another act. The Season's over, and even if Seasons don't matter as much as they did; even if lots of people insist on doing their serious entertaining in autumn, wedging it in between Scotland and those inevitable winter sports, still, what's left of the old glory is quite enough to keep the traffic humming at fever heat the whole of the day and most of the night even at this fag-end of July. And what a July! Talking of heat waves and pictures of young things out-Lidoing the Lido! It must be because summer is served out to us so parsimoniously that we make so much hay while the sun shines. Instead of pyjama-and-bottle nights there were bathing-suit parties in places where one is always merry and bright. I don't wonder. Such adorable things are bathing suits, especially when they're not bathed in!

"WHAT's left of me is going to . . ." the bright young things are fond of declaring. And quite a lot is left in spite of their slimness when you add unto it all the fluffs that flutter, the panels that pouch and play, the wisps that whirl, and the scarves that soar and sink with every breath of wind that blows. Too much is left for comfort, the comfort of him who looks on. You've got to be terribly slim and incredibly orderly; you've got to have a superb command of a complex situation not to become a positive nuisance in a crowd. But they all rush in—the slim, the young and the orderly, and the others, the many others, who do what they can and hope for the best. Not to flutter and play, not to whirl and soar and sink is simply not to be in the picture. In short, one might as well be dead.

I'VE just returned from a London garden party, where the garden wasn't much bigger than a big handkerchief, and one walked warily along crazily paved paths to a baby lawn with stiff flower-beds and a row of hollyhocks guarding the wall. One walked warily not because of the flowers and the lawn, nor the little space there was to walk in, but because of the multitude of wisps that whirled, of fluffs that fluttered, of scarves that soared and sank, etc., etc. One walked warily because there literally wasn't room for us and our obtrusive odds and ends. A pleasant breeze was kept very busy stirring—not the leaves of the nice tree in the middle of the lawn, its legitimate occupation—but yards and yards of flowered chiffon and lacy tulle. And my iced coffee grew warm as I hugged my polite tatters as closely round me as I was able and thought impolite thoughts about them. Were they so very different from the futile decorations of a savage tribe, the feathers and things of a South Sea Islander, and all the tawdry childishness of the uncivilised. Why does the modern woman, surely the finest product of the century (not to say the ages), allow the glorious simplicity of her line to be wrecked by all this meaningless and expensive rubbish?

"MEANINGLESS," I can hear the designer people exclaim aghast at the heresy. "Meaningless when we've spent anxious days and sleepless nights inventing these wonderful details! Look at the intricate cut of them! And the subtle grace they suggest where none really is! Do you suppose that it's easy to make mere chiffon behave as if it were almost alive? Can you think of a better way of turning our sporting damsels into alluring females, not of the vamp order, of course, but into creditable heroines of romance?"

THAT explains it. Femininity is on the war-path once again. The new young person bounces and strides no more, but moves pleasantly, wreathed in smiles and flowered georgette. She now combines brains with wiles as old as Eve, only we no longer call them wiles. Having gained her ground (it was difficult enough to gain) she stands on it and is just what she is, plus the many cocktails which she drinks without liking them, and other dissipations she suffers so that nobody shall feel out of it—a feminine virtue if ever there was one.

AND yet, and yet, why take pains to be so feminine and fluffy when the habit takes up valuable time and costs such heaps of money? Is the new ground, so hardly won, a little slippery? Horrid thought! I'd rather see the whole thing as the dressmakers' stunt, which it probably is; a *tour de force* just to show how beautiful rags and tatters can be made to look. The new way of femininity is as far removed from the old as the new fluffs are different from the plain honest frills of the days when a frill was a whirl of silk which rustled like leaves in a summer breeze, and lovers and people thought it the most delightful music in the world. But I see I'm sentimentalising over things nobody regrets. Better far to be wispy than to be stiff and important. Only, you can't run to wisps and things day and night without getting a bit frayed out about the wits. That's a feminine feeling I don't intend to copy.

G. West and Son

A HAMPSHIRE WEDDING

Mrs. Malcolm Molteno, photographed after her marriage to Mr. Malcolm Molteno, son of Admiral and Mrs. Molteno, at Ropley Parish Church, Hampshire. She is the daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Wilfred Henderson, of Ropley

NORTH BRITISH CLINCHER CORDS

Are your Tyres "nail-traps"?

The narrow indentations of an elaborately designed or closely studded tread pick up nails and flints and *hold* them while they bore their way through the cover. But not Clinchers! The 'why' of the wise Clincher tread is that it gives *maximum* road grip, *maximum* resistance to skid and wheel spin, *maximum* depth of tough, resilient rubber where the wear is greatest —but the *minimum* of opportunity to 'pick up' tyre trouble.

And a printed guarantee is packed with every Clincher Motor Car Tyre.

Not only British, but "NORTH BRITISH"—and Best!

MADE IN EDINBURGH BY THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO LTD

Sport and General

COLONEL THE MASTER OF SEMPILL'S SEAPLANE BEATING A MOTOR BOAT IN AN EXCITING RACE

Planet News

THE DUCHESS OF YORK WATCHING THE RACING

A "Speed" Day at the Welsh Harp

To the competitors, at all events, the outboard motor boat races on the Welsh Harp at Hendon were as good a way as any of spending a blazing afternoon. Spills were frequent and one intrepid entrant raced with his boat in flames, but no harm was done. A race between a seaplane and a motor boat and a "bombing" exhibition were other features of the afternoon. The Duchess of York was an onlooker and presented the prizes

G.P.U.

THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE IN MR. A. G. STEELE'S "HAVACARE"

Photopress

MR. H. J. P. BOMFORD, THE WINNER OF THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S TROPHY

G.P.U.

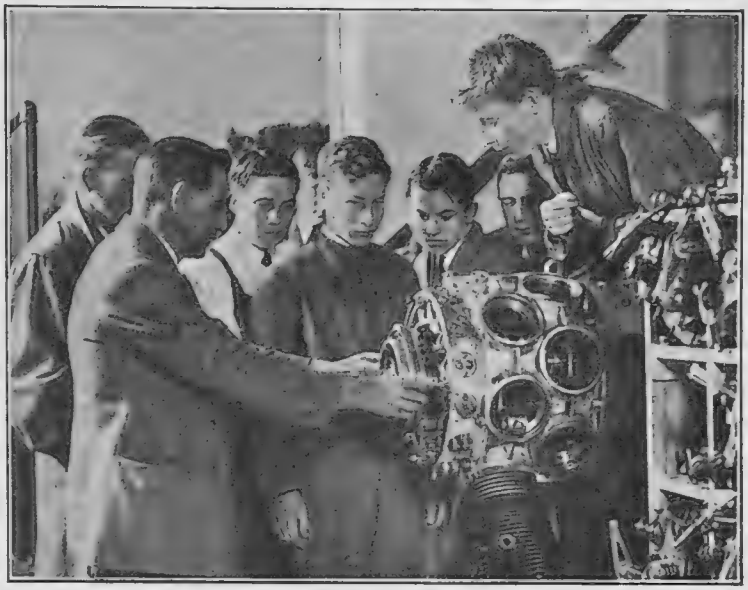
THE MARQUIS DE CASA MAURY IN HIS 'MY SWEET GEE"

THE making and breaking of records occurs so frequently that it is almost impossible in a weekly review to keep up to date. The Italians, Ferrarin and del Prete, have beaten the long-distance record established by Chamberlin and Levine, in flying from Rome to Brazil, a distance of nearly 5,000 miles in just under fifty hours. Their Fiat-engined Savoia monoplane is an unconventional type with an underslung nacelle, the tail unit being carried on outriggers. Wakefield's oil and "Shell" petrol, a pair which work so well together but never mix, carried the flight to a successful conclusion.

Lady Heath has taken delivery of a new "Moth" and has been putting in time on the Short "Mussel," which is one of the institutions of Rochester, having been moored off Short Brothers' works, when not in use, for years. Carrying Miss O'Brien, another airwoman, as passenger, Lady Heath took this tiny all-metal seaplane to 13,400 feet.

A D.H.61 with a Bristol "Jupiter" engine, designed specially for high speed commercial work, has been bought by the *Daily Mail*. It will have a range of 1,000 miles at over 100 miles an hour cruising speed, and is to be fitted with a dark room for developing photographs *en route*, a special wireless set, and complete office equipment. Our monthly contemporary, *Airways*, already has a Genet "Avian," which is used for transporting their staff to aviation meetings, and can be hired by anyone for special work.

The Automobile Association performed a useful service at Blackpool with their large weather chart, indicating at a glance to departing pilots the conditions anywhere in Great Britain. The machine park was much appreciated, and it is hoped that parking by the "A.A." will be a feature at all functions where aeroplanes congregate.



AVIATION AT SCHOOL *Keystone*

Sergt.-Major Wilkinson giving instruction in the working of an aeroplane engine in the new hangar which has been opened at Highgate School. The hangar, which forms part of the new science buildings, is fully equipped and is for the use of boys who will receive advanced instruction in the technical side of flying

Post-war competition between the Germans and ourselves in airship construction will reach a climax this year, as each country has one ship nearly ready for trials. R.100 is due to make the Atlantic crossing at the beginning of the autumn and will probably be commanded by Major G. H. Scott, who made the trip just after the war on R.34.

The Norfolk and Norwich Club report several new soloists, amongst them being Mr. Gough and Mr. Surtees, who couldn't find the aerodrome owing to haze and had to land at Blackpool for refuelling during the Pageant. We understand that there will be no court of inquiry, as the machines were returned in working order and the old excuse of "losing the aerodrome" accepted, it being their first offence. The clubs still suffer from a shortage of machines owing to race meetings and to minor accidents which might be avoided. "Prop swinging" caused some trouble

THE WESTLAND WIDGEON

The workmanlike lines of the machine and the ease with which the passenger can enter and leave his seat are very well illustrated in this photograph. This particular machine was built last year and since then has done a good deal of flying, including a Continental tour across France, Germany and Northern Italy

A FRIEND-SHIP OF THE AIR *Sport and General*

The Friend-Ship Fellowship has purchased a "Bluebird," which will be used on their campaign to encourage air-mindedness among children of all nations. The group, which includes Lady Dorothy Mills, Miss Knowles and Lady Heath, was taken at the inauguration of the "Bluebird" at Penshurst Aerodrome

about a fortnight ago, when a pilot attempted to start his own engine without the precaution of a closed throttle. The "Avian" bolted and finally stood on its nose, leaving him in a dazed condition on the grass.

The Parnall "Imp" and the Westland "Widgeon" are both excellent racing machines, the former having averaged 110 m.p.h. at Blackpool and the latter has often exceeded the 100 mark. One hopes to see more of them in future to introduce a little variety into the procession of "Moths" and "Avians" seen at all meetings. The "Bluebirds" seem to be suffering from a severe handicap on their original form three years ago. They take off quickly and land slowly, but the "honeymoon" arrangement of seats side by side means a slightly lower speed compared with their slimmer competitors. The "Friendship Fellowship" has purchased a "Bluebird," which will be used on their campaign to encourage air-mindedness amongst children of all nations.

Brighton hopes to become our first seaside resort to operate flying boats for pleasure trips, and plans are being made for a service to Dieppe and Le Touquet.

In order to cater for those living south of London, A.D.C. Aircraft, Ltd., has provided facilities for garage and service at Croydon Aerodrome, where fuel and ground engineers will be available at all times. Stag Lane and Brooklands are the other London aerodromes for the private owner, but we could do with another like Cricklewood, which is only a quarter of an hour's run from Piccadilly Circus. When we get a network of internal air lines, some aerodrome other than Croydon must be used to serve London, in order to take full advantage of the time saved when coming from the North and West. Machines for the Continent will still go right through to Croydon, bringing Edinburgh and Glasgow within eight or nine hours of Paris, Brussels, and Amsterdam.

CHARLES E. WARI.

FACE
attractiveness
means a great deal
to the present-day
WOMAN

MANY THOUSANDS OF CASES TREATED

Every day more and more Women are regaining their lost looks and natural expression through the wonders of Mr. John C. Bell's Special Treatment.

Acknowledged to be England's greatest authority for the removal of all Facial imperfections, including Loss of Contour, Sagging Cheeks, Wrinkles, and Looseness under and over the eyes, Lines from nose to mouth. Frowns eliminated, Saddle Noses, Outstanding Ears and any facial blemishes permanently corrected in from one to three visits.

Personal attention given to every patient.

Consultations free - - By appointment only.

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Author of "Natural Beauty," "Restoration of Facial Contour," etc., etc.

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LEA & PERRINS
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MAKE SURE OF THE ORIGINAL WORCESTER SAUCE.
SAY "LEA & PERRINS, PLEASE"

The right cigarette in the right company

DE RESZKE—*of course!*

D.6.

"Protecting the Complexion"

ADVICE BY

MISS EDITH DAY

(in a personal interview)

"I find a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face and hands wonderfully refreshing." To those who have ever seen Miss Edith Day there is one single word that always is associated with her—"fascinating." She has a wonderful charm, a charm that can cast its spell over the vast audiences of Drury Lane, and carry with triumphant success the great responsibilities of leading lady on one of the most ambitious and gorgeous performances of late years—"Show Boat." To an inquiry as to the method by which she keeps her skin so clear and lovely, Miss Day replied :—

Lenare.

Edith Day

The reason in three words

"I can tell you the reason in three words: Pond's—Vanishing—Cream. I find a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream on my face and hands wonderfully refreshing. It not only makes me look my best, but the marvellous thing is that it makes me feel my best."

"As a matter of fact," I explained, "Pond's, by restoring the vitality of the tired skin, does have a general restorative effect as well. It is this constantly revitalising influence on the tissues which prevents any harmful effects from exposure."

"I am thankful to this Cream"

"Yes, I know," exclaimed Miss Day; "that is another reason why I am thankful to this cream. I do glory in the open air, and it is such a relief to know that one can enjoy it without risk of blemish."

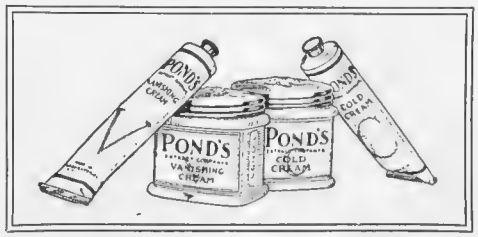
"Then that is your recommendation for caring for the skin: apply Pond's Vanishing Cream as often as possible?"

One more thing needed

"No; one thing more is needed. As everyone knows, the pores get clogged with excess of oils and by dust. It is obvious that to keep the skin healthy you must clean out all these impurities. That is why I give my face and hands a thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. You can't imagine with what a wonderfully cool, refreshed feeling it sends one to bed; and in the morning the skin looks as fresh and young as ever."

You need have no more fear of sun or rain

Pond's Vanishing Cream will protect your complexion, keep it soft and lovely, and allow you to enjoy all your outdoor pleasures without fear of roughness, redness, or any other blemish; delicately scented with Jacqueminot roses. It forms an ideal base for powder, which goes on more evenly and stays on longer. To keep the skin thoroughly healthy, and to cleanse it of the impurities that collect in the pores and tissues, use Pond's Cold Cream every night before you retire to rest.



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS, USED BY COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF WOMEN TO MAKE AND KEEP THEIR COMPLEXIONS EXQUISITE.

How to use Pond's Two Delicate Creams

Apply Pond's Cold Cream at night and whenever your skin feels tired, or in need of cleansing. Leave it for a few moments, so that its fine oils may penetrate the pores. Then wipe off cold cream and impurities together and finish off with a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream—except at night. If your skin is dry, a little cream left on overnight will restore suppleness.

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder, and before you go out. Smoothed lightly over the face and hands after every daytime cleansing, Pond's Vanishing Cream keeps the skin soft and white, and holds powder evenly. Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out of doors—it gives protection against exposure to sun, wind and rain.

Give your skin this daily care with Pond's two Creams, following the example of thousands of beautiful women.

Special Sample Offer

Try for yourself this method which many thousands of charming, cultured ladies are following. Fill up the coupon and post it, together with 2d. in stamps. We will send you, by return of post, sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, sufficient to prove their beneficial effect. All chemists and stores sell Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, in handsome opal jars, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., and in tubes 6d. (for handbag) and 1s. Pond's Cold Cream also in extra large jars, 5s., and in extra large tubes, 2s. 6d.

COUPON.

Generous Trial Samples.

To Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 772),
103, St. John St., London, E.C.1.

I enclose twopence in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please send me your TRIAL TUBES of *POND'S COLD CREAM* and *POND'S VANISHING CREAM.*

Name.....

Address .....

.....

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

An irreproachable yachting suit from Burberry's, Haymarket. The double-breasted coat is of blue flannel, cream serge having been used for the skirt

New Evening Silhouettes

THE early Autumn openings are now in progress, and hot-foot from Paris to the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., have come some lovely models from the world-famous houses. A very interesting *robe de style* was of black satin and net, with an Elizabethan bodice coming to a deep point in the front. This was embroidered in *diamanté*, and full panniers of net fell softly at each side of the straight skirt. The uneven hem-line is more firmly established than ever, but it dips in a different way. "Like a peacock's tail" is perhaps the best way of describing it, though in some instances it is merely an exaggerated point which reaches to the heels. Draperies are exceedingly subtle, for they never in any way break the *svelte* outline which moulds the figure, but in some mysterious way they flutter and sway from just below the hips.

Two-piece Skirts

BOTH day and evening gowns frequently have double, or even treble, skirts—which does not mean that they are tiered, but that they are imposed one upon the other in order that the swaying movement may be achieved without bunchiness. It is so difficult to do justice to their gracefulness, but it may be said that the main theme is usually a large flared triangle of some soft fabric, the apex falling at the middle back, and the two shorter pieces wrapping over a wide flared panel at the side fronts. An exquisite model in pink georgette had a skirt of this description. The simple oval corsage had a slit in the centre, through which was passed a scarf of the same material. This hung down the front of the dress, balancing the point at the back, and was threaded through the slit, being pulled out again over the neck-line, thus causing the corsage to fall into soft folds.

"Hemstitched Tweed"

"HEMSTITCHED tweed!" one exclaims; and wonders whatever will happen next. In point of fact, one of the most attractive two-piece suits I have ever seen appeared to exploit this fancy. But it was an appearance which was deceptive. A simple little frock of grey *crêpe de Chine*, cleverly cut, and adorned with elaborate insets and *appliqué* bands of self material, was worn beneath a coat of the softest pale grey tweed. Up the centre of the back was a slender column, stitched in heavy silk. From this to the front were inverted scallops, also stitched in rows of heavy silk, the strands drawn just sufficiently tightly to cause the tweed to look as though it was quilted. It was these rows of silk which, from a little distance, gave the impression of hemstitching. Cuffs of grey fur, cut to a point, reached the elbow, and the roll collar had the outer edges prolonged to the hem.

Racing at Cowes

AND now comes one of the most eagerly-looked-forward-to events of the whole year—Cowes! Illustrated at the head of this page is a yachting suit from Burberrys, Haymarket—which means, of course, that it is absolutely correct in every detail. The double-breasted coat is of blue

Leather coats are ideal for holiday wear. These two come from the Dela Rubber Co. and are impervious to wind and rain. The one on the left has been specially designed for golf

Sketches by Booda

flannel, and the skirt is of cream serge. The regulation cap has a white *piqué* cover. It is to the perfection of its cut that it owes its distinction.

The Advance of Leather

FEW women to-day would dream of setting out on a holiday without taking at least one leather coat. At the foot of the previous page are sketched two jackets from the Dela Rubber Co., who have agents in all the big towns. On the left is the "Walton," which has been specially designed for golf. It is fashioned in "Prinsuède," and may be obtained in all colours and in several excellent styles. It is absolutely impervious to water, and remains unmarked by it. On the right is the "Connaught," which is made of "Prinscrome," a spongeable leather which is very soft. Should any difficulty be experienced in securing these articles, application should be made to Angus Buildings, Old Hall Street, Liverpool.

All-important Corsetry

IN these days correct corsetry is an absolute necessity, for Fashion refuses to hide any defects. Madame James, 5, Old Burlington Street, W., is able to achieve almost miraculous results with every type of figure, and this she does, not by the use of numerous constricting bones, but by the perfection of the cut of the corsets, every one of which is made to suit individual needs. She also has really lovely *lingerie*. The *peignoir* sketched on this page if of printed *crêpe de Chine*, trimmed with beige georgette to tone. With the attractive matching envelope it costs only 4½ guineas.

Tailored Silk Dresses

IDEAL for sunny days are dresses of heavy silk, for they look equally well in the country or in Town. Illustrated in the left-hand corner of this page is a Deval tailored dress of English washing silk cut on flattering lines. It may be obtained in excellent colours, all of which are guaranteed to be fadeless. A very strong point in their favour is that the needs of women who are not very slender have been carefully studied and catered for.

A Splendid Toilet Aid

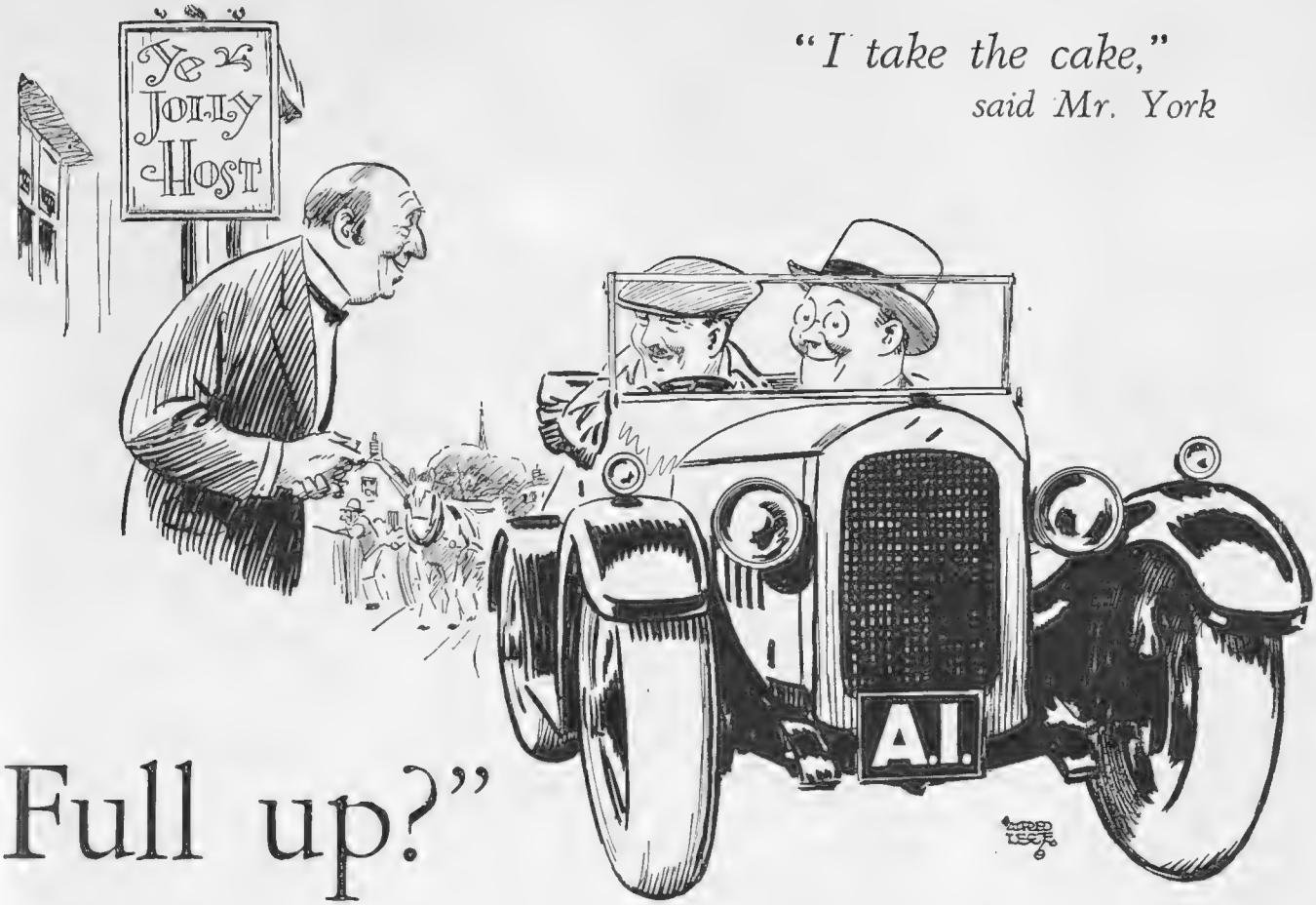
ALL women appreciate the necessity of a really good powder, and all strive to secure it. Those who have discovered Delafine's "Après Mon Bain" powder are not likely to search further, for its excellent properties, combined with its amazingly low price, make it very attractive. It may be obtained at all chemists, stores, and hairdressers for 3*s*. 6*d*. per pound box, this being the only size made.

A Deval tailored dress of English washing silk is a most desirable possession. While the peignoir of printed crêpe de Chine from Madame James, 5, Old Burlington Street, would delight any woman

The advantage of a good toilet powder cannot be over-estimated. Delafine's "Après Mon Bain" Powder pleases the most fastidious. It gives a soft and lasting bloom to the complexion

Sketches by Beta

"I take the cake,"
said Mr. York



"Full up?"

said Mr. York. Motoring

"Yes," said the friend who was driving Mr. York. "They're full up again—which is a good deal more than I am. How far is it to the next hotel?"

"Only twenty-five miles," said the hotel keeper.

"That s not much in the morning," said the motorist, "but it comes a bit heavy at the end of a long day's run. Besides, I'm hungry—and that really does take the cake."

"Well, why don't you take the cake?" said Mr. York. "I'm sure there's a cake of Motoring in the pocket by the driver's seat"

"Of course," said the motorist. "I d sooner go out without a spare wheel than without a spare cake of Motoring Chocolate"

We all thank Mr. York for his
motoring advice.
We think 'twould be cheap at
whatever the price;
He'll give us the Cake that we
take for a shilling,
It's a motoring meal that's
delicious and filling.

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MOTORING

CHOCOLATE

WITH ALMONDS AND RAISINS

½-lb. cakes: Plain (red label), 1/-; Milk (blue label), 1/1; & 6d. cakes and same quality in 2d. bars.

A Charming Hair Dressing

A typical example of the supreme artistry of Mr. David Nicol, of the Maison Nicol, 170, New Bond Street, W., is shown in the sketch on this page, which obeys Fashion's very latest dictates, and, at the same time, is extremely becoming and just sufficiently "different" to justify a pleasing measure of admiring attention. The deep, loose waves are most youthful in appearance, and the lightly curled ends form a soft frame for the face. It is pleasant to know that they can be made permanent in the minimum amount of time in these salons, where a new and scientifically perfect process has been adopted.

A CHARMING COIFFURE

A striking example of the artistry of the Maison Nicol

Postiches and Transformations

Deservedly famous are the "Nonetta Parting" transformations, and the Pompretta transformations, which are available from £15 15s., while entire head-dresses of short hair cost from £21. Only the finest of naturally wavy hair is used, and so exquisite is the workmanship, on a foundation so light and inconspicuous, that it is absolutely impossible to detect any sign of artificiality. For those who might find it an advantage the instalment system of payments is available. Permanent waving, hair colouring, shampooing, bobbing and shingling, all are carried out to perfection in these salons.

An Interesting Wedding

A very interesting wedding which recently took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, was that of Miss Elizabeth Cozens, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Cozens, Mackney, Wallingford, Berks, to Mr. Rex Colclough, son of Paymaster Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Colclough, Highclere, Virginia Water, Surrey. The wedding gown of rich ivory satin was designed by Mr. David Rivkin, of Roland and Rivkin, 101, Oxford Street, W. It was embroidered in seed pearls and *diamanté*. Picture frocks and hats of Pervenche blue with touches of mauve were worn by the bridesmaids.

MR. AND MRS. REX COLCLOUGH

Who were recently married at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street

Heating and Lighting

Now that people are moving farther out from Town to places where electric and gas mains are frequently not available the question of lighting and heating becomes a most important one. For this reason "Silverlite" gas is being used in an increasing number of houses, as it has many advantages, chiefly owing to its great cleanliness and the softness of its light. It is non-asphyxiating and non-explosive, and "Silverlite" gas plants are easily installed and run. For cooking "Silverlite" gas is invaluable, as there can be no possible ill-effects from standing over the gas jets. The makers of "Silverlite" are Messrs. Spensers, Ltd., of 6, London Street, W.2.

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PRICE **10½ Gns.**

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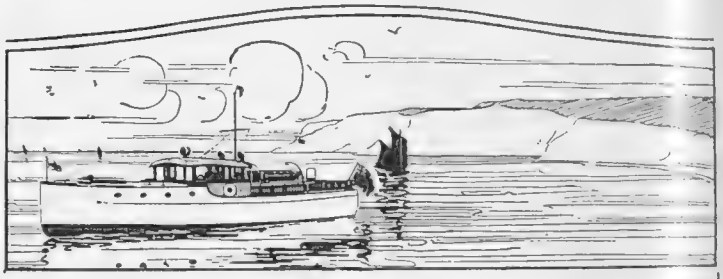

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The MENU

BREAKFAST DISHES

Fresh Herrings.
Ham Croquettes.
Eggs on Rice.
Corn Oysters (an American Dish).
Grilled Ham with Bananas.
Mushroom Omelette.

Fresh Herrings

Fillet three or four herrings, and place them overnight in a pie-dish with one dessertspoonful of oil, the same of vinegar, pepper and salt, a small onion cut in slices, and a little parsley. The next morning drain them, roll them in breadcrumbs, and grill them under the gas. Serve very hot.

Ham Croquettes

Put the remains of some ham through a mincing machine (two cupfuls will be sufficient), and mix well with a quarter of a cupful of breadcrumbs. Add two tablespoonfuls of stock, the yolks of two eggs, and a little pepper. Make into small balls, cover with egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in hot fat.

Eggs on Rice

Butter an enamelled dish, fill it half full with well-seasoned boiled rice, make as many depressions in the rice as there are people to be served, break an egg into each of these, sprinkle with salt, and strew with small pieces of butter. Bake until the eggs are set. Serve hot.

Corn Oysters

Turn the contents of a tin of sweet corn into a dish, and to half a pint of corn add one well-beaten egg, a tablespoonful of flour, the same of butter and salt, and pepper to taste. Drop spoonfuls at a time into boiling lard, and fry a golden brown.

Grilled Ham with Bananas

Cut the required number of slices of raw ham or gammon, and broil them on both sides under the gas grill. Skin some bananas, cut them in half lengthways, season with salt and pepper, dip in egg, roll in breadcrumbs, and fry in bacon fat. Dish up the ham, and place half a banana on each slice of ham. Garnish with sprigs of parsley and serve hot.

Mushroom Omelette

Whisk up four fresh eggs in a basin, season with salt and pepper, and pour into a well-buttered fireproof *entrée* dish. Bake in a fairly hot oven till the omelette is set and of a nice golden brown. It will take about fifteen minutes. Meanwhile, peel and cut up small ½ lb. of mushrooms. *Sauté* them in butter over a quick heat for about ten minutes. Now take the omelette from the oven, and lay the mushrooms all along the top. Pour round a nice brown gravy, and serve in the dish in which it was baked.

Emilia.

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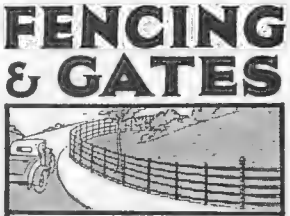

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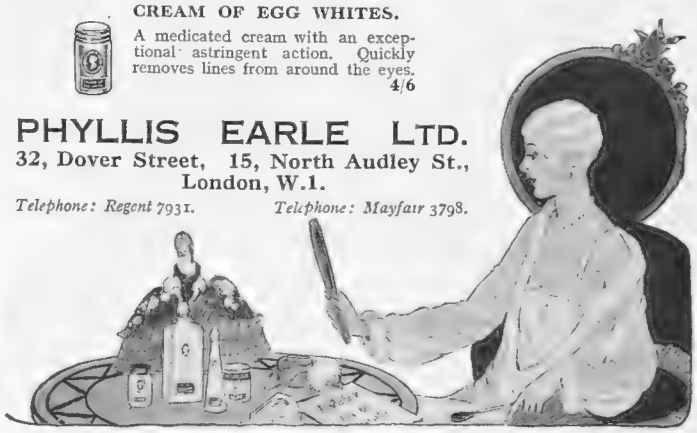

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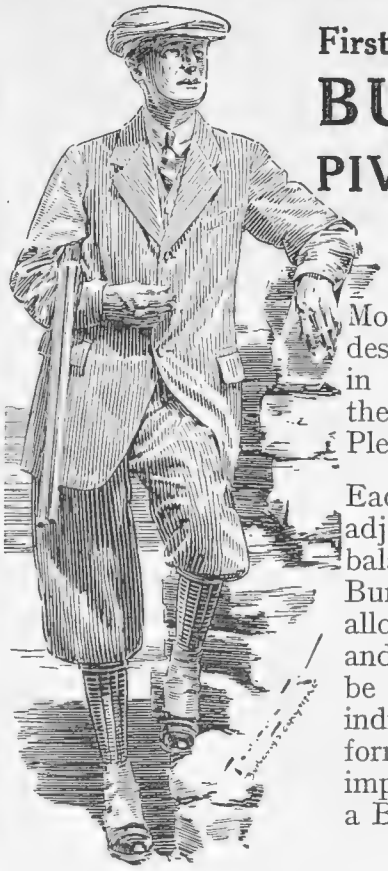

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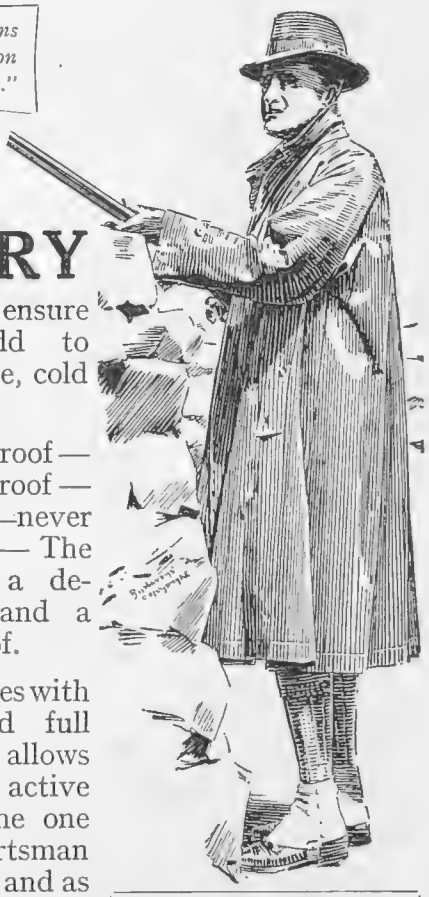

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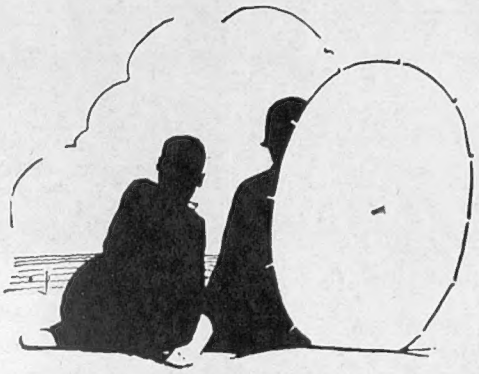

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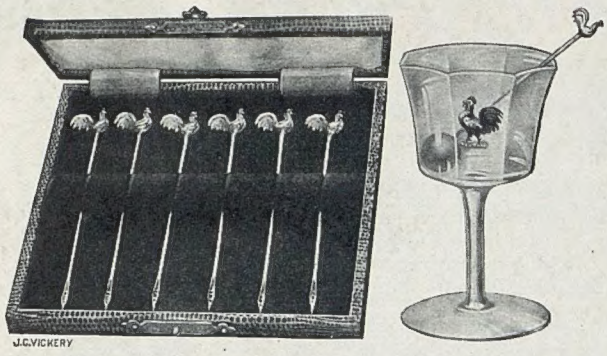

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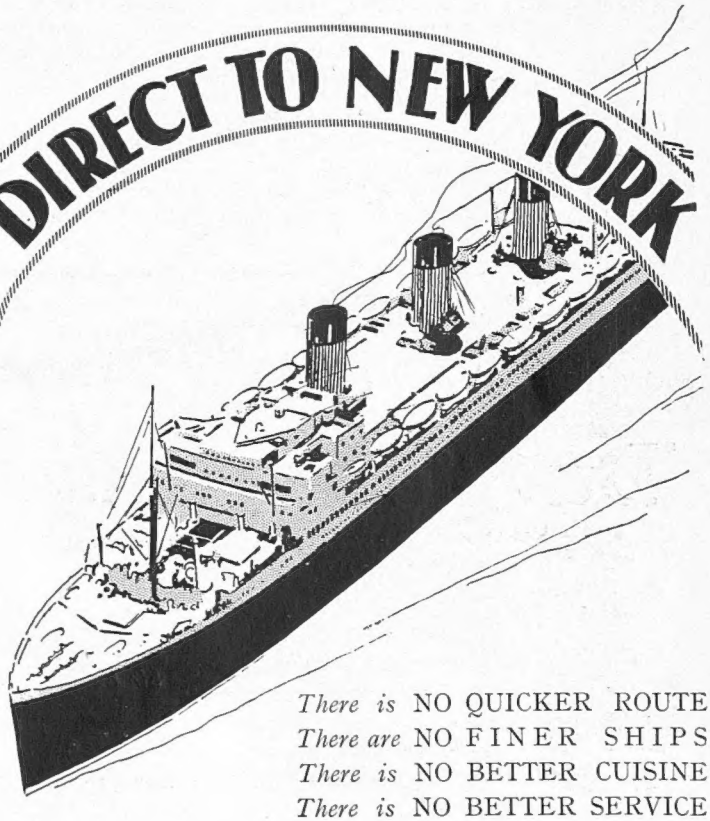

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